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ANNIE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Annie hath a slender voice,
Annie hath a mouth one red;
Once I caught and held her fast
And in tender wickerie said—
Dearest, if I let you go,
Will you kiss me? Yes, or no?

Annie's step is light as air,
Annie hath a thousand charms;
Like a vine bird in a snare,
So she fluttered in my arms,
Giving over a kiss to me—
If she loves me, wherefore else?

Annie hath a neck, milk-white,
Annie's thoughts are free from sin;
Being mad with my delight,
In the heating of her heart,
Said I, "If I let you go,
Will you love me? Yes, or no?"

Annie hath a reason given—
To the loss almost for her,
Love she can but ne'er confess even,
And she answered, sweet, as sweet
"Love you, if you let me go?"
Was her answer yes, or no?

Once I clasped her slender waist,
Down I threw her to my knee;
Neck and cheek and mouth I kissed—
Annie, will you marry me?
Did your faint, light mind say
Silly Sapphos, yes or no?

THE ACCURSED INHERITANCE.

A ROMANCE OF THE 18th CENTURY.

BY J. G. DURANT

CHAPTER IX.

THE THREE SONS OF THE SOLDIER.—THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE BIG MAN.

It was in 1716, a year from the death of Louis the Great. The duke of Orleans had been named by parliament regent of France, in despite of the will of the late king, who, carrying his hatred to Philip even to the tomb, had decided that the regency should be but chief of the regency; that is to say, under a pompous title, he was to be the obedient servant of a council composed of persons of the blood, of ministers, and of the marshal Villeroi, Count Harcourt and Tallard.

Between Bagnères and Campan, three hardiers stopped before an isolated inn, on the road to Pedigna, a little village built at the foot of a high mountain, the Hendaye, one of the high rings of the Jura.

The inn in question, though very shabby in dimension, had not such a very bad appearance if we built of stone, whitened with plaster, and then covered with tiles; an orchard filled with fruit trees, and surrounded by a hedge of hawthorn, extended on the right; the front was shaded by a couple of gigantic oaks.

What do you think of this, Cyrill and you, Rafael? said one of the travellers to his companions, stopping before the inn. I am tired, very tired, and I am hungry and thirsty; and we have perhaps still much farther to walk? Let us enter, then.

Let us rest? said the other two.

Halloa! there! said the hostess, without more ado, sitting in the ground at the foot of one of the oaks. Holloa!

Why should we not enter? said Cyril.

Because, said Julien, I've seen a drink. Rafael, we shall be better off, it seems to me, without it.

Is it better to sit upon chairs than upon the ground? Is it better to lie down? We have a fine view of this innocence! We are merry and of one, let us remain. Who knows me, will imitate me.

Cyril and Julien, without more opposition, took seats on the grass.

A great deal of travel after the fashion of the country, some bot of the inn and advanced towards the travellers.

What is it you require, gentlemen? she asked with a courtesy.

The three brothers, with one common accord, looked first at each other with a thousand questions in their triple glance, less bold, however, than astonished.

It is, my child, said Raphael, that we are thirsty. I see you have wine, and we ask for it.

Hold a? said Rafael; "it is true we are thirsty, and we should be re-enter this."

Pedigny?

Yes, sir. The history of the Golden Apple is on the market-place.

Very well; and if the master is called——

Monsieur Brunet.

That's right. And—the infidel of Pedigny, where does he live? Tell me, if you please.

Exactly opposite the house of the Golden Apple.

Good! And—he is called, M. Joseph Bourdon?

Yes, sir.

That is all right. Our information was correct. That is what I call a good inn. Come, you, my sweet little Jeanne. Now we are going to see if your wine is as good as your cheeks are rosy and your husband amiable.

Jeanne was no longer there. Raphael had uncorked the bottle and filled up the glasses. Rafael had gone, and was strolling in gaiety against those of his brothers:

The health of our father!

The health of our father!" repeated Cyril and Julien.

And they drank; and as they drank the peasant stretched over the hedge, leaning his arm on his elbow, examined for the second time the three travellers with curiosity.

Let us do like Jeanne's husband, since the occasion is offered us.

Cyril, the eldest of the three, was twenty-eight. He was large, dark and strong. He had fine, regular features, with black eyes, expressive of resolution and brutality.

Julien, the second, was about twenty-six; a small but exact likeness of Cyril. And, like Cyril, he was beautiful. And, like him, he was robust, and had an intelligent countenance.

As for Raphael, the youngest, no one assuredly could have imagined him to be the brother of the two men whose portraits we have just described. There was not even what is generally termed a family likeness. They were large, he was small; they were dark, he fair. The only point of resemblance which existed between Raphael, Cyril and Julien, was their expression.

Raphael's features were full of sweetness, and his eyes were of a celestial blue. Only it would seem a sound blindness in his eyes as in those of Cyril and Julien, they possessed, besides, a shadowy coldness, which gave him a peculiar charm.

Our three brothers were dressed uniformly in a travelling suit of extreme neatness—coat and vest of drab colored cloth, the sleeves short, and the sword at the side.

Raphael, quite young, had put back his empty glass before him.

Well, brother, said Cyril, touching his arm, "what are you thinking about?"

Raphael smiled sadly.

I am thinking of our father, who is all alone now," he replied.

Cyril and Julien pressed in their large hands the young man's hand.

We'll see him again," said Cyril.

Yes, we shall see him again," repeated Julien.

I hope so," said Raphael, with a sigh. "No matter, it is a strange fancy he had, my brothers, to send us away from him. For what purpose? Where we not happy down there at Grenoble, in our house on the borders of the lakes? What did we want. Nothing! And now we are here, in a strange country, going straight on, ignorant of our destination.

What I do know is this: when our father spoke to us of this journey, at first, like a bird in a snare he struggled, but he did yield at last with delight. But now, to write of myself, at the commencement of the days which might surround us, that he had the privilege of turning back.

Raphael started.

What! you wish that to me, Cyril?"

Because, if you regret so deeply our home, my brother, we will not stay for. You are free to leave us: we will continue alone our route."

Cyril had spoken in a tight choice from his eyes. He was about to reply with vehemence; but Julien laid his hand upon that of his brother, and stopped him.

Let us not alone wrong," he muttered; "I was wrong. I acknowledge it. I deserve this lesson. I am foolish and ungrateful, when our father has ordered, to discuss his will. *To obey* is the first duty for us all. And the device our father gave us at a gala for our coat-of-arms—he bade us adieu. It is the one word, he told us, which would aid us to discover the treasure for which we engage in the task which he imposed upon us. Mysterious and perilous it may be—this task we will accomplish. We to him who retreats whilst the others advance. I reserving. Pardon, brothers. I belong to you, as you belong to me. *De odore's right.*

Come what may!" replied Cyril and Julien together.

And they once extended their hands to their youngest brother, as a pledge of the faith they had in him, and as thanks for the faith he had in them.

The bottle had just been emptied by Julien

THE INDIAN WOMAN AND HER MULE.

into the glasses; our travellers were about to drink, at short sight, when their attention was drawn by the sound of voices.

Three men were approaching the inn, all three carried guns and a hunting knife in the belt. Two of them were disputing with vivacity, the third listened, approving or disapproving by a gesture. That man, evidently, was a last trader. The hunters had arrived close to the spot where Raphael, Cyril and Julien were sitting.

Halloa!" cried the one who appeared the most animated, after having cast a glance on those people sitting on the grass. Halloa! Jeanne—a table, chairs and wine."

At the approach of these new-comers, the peasant we have spoken of—the man with the good wife and the husband of Jeanne, suddenly left his seat and came before them.

What do you want, gentlemen," said he, bowing.

Ah!" replied the hunter, "you there, Thomas! But we don't want you, 'tis your wife."

I have heard sir, but——"

But——

My wife is not in, consequently——

That will do, say no more, fool. If Jeanne is not, serve us then, and quickly; you know we can pay the last cent of going into your inn house. And above all, give us some fresher wine than that, or I'll break your bones if I am ill-tempered to-day, I warn you."

Raphael replied, Thomas, and turned to the hunter; he returned soon, carrying a table and chairs, which he placed by the side of those the one under which the three brothers had seated.

The hunters had set their guns on the ground.

With all that, my dear Beaumesnil," said he who had spoken so rudely to the innkeeper, "turn again to another day past and look in the wing over the mountains. Who is the idiot who promised you we should see the bear this side of the Hendaye?"

He told us that at all, my dear Denis; do not get angry. He is one of my best hunters."

That will not prevent me from being a Mercadie wretch, should you speak to me again."

You asked to have it fresh, gentlemen, had to go to the cellar."

Very well, Thomas."

Come to Pedigny?"

Yes, sir. I would bet she is hidden somewhere in your hut, you brute; because you don't what her to walk on us."

Don't wish! Why so, sir? Indeed you are not going to see the wife for a woman out in the antipodes of your company."

In spite of the low with which the peasant had accompanied his answer, he had not been able to prevent the hunters from hearing it, and for he we have called Denis, frowned, and threw on Thomas a look full of wrath, there was in the face of the unfortunate Thomas, raging: I take that, and are you sure assured of my company, animal?"

Raphael, his hair and body streaming with the liquid, had not moved. Probably he had not understood, and was a stranger to the part of the grudge.

But Thomas had made a movement as if about to rise.

Are you going ?" said Cyril, stopping him by the arm.

Certainly, sir. I going ?" replied the young man, "but——"

Then remain there does not concern us."

That is true; and that gentleman is a brute, and the peasant a coward. But be pleased me, this Thomas, and out of gratitude for the kisses which he permitted us to give to his wife. I am really sorry he has not more courage. I would have willingly helped him to correct this individual who so villanously throws his wine instead of drinking it."

While thus speaking, Raphael picking the grass around him to give his nerves some occupation, observed his neighbors laughing heartily at the piteous appearance of the poor peasant, as he moved away shaking himself.

If the action is not false, which says that the eyes are the mirror of the soul, the soul of the gentleman who had thus outraged a poor peasant ought to have been of the most wicked kind, for his eyes bore a very sinister expression. He was, however, a fine-looking cavalier, and had a distinguished bearing; but every now and then his face revealed such unclassable for cruelty, that one felt in condemning it, the same effect one has at the sight of those reptiles, endowed with an outside of brilliant colors, which hides a mortal venom.

Beaumesnil, the second gentlemen, was nearly the age of Denis—about twenty-eight years of age—and like Denis, was tall, well made and good looking. He was deficient, however, in the appearance of strength and health which the first presented. Rights of debauchery, had at the same time weakened the body of this man, whitened his features and spoiled the hair—if he ever had one.

The third hunter—the one who was satisfied to listen to the others while they discussed, but did not disdain to join them when they amused themselves by the misfortune of a poor bear-keeper—answered to the name of Mendes. He was a man of some forty years, with an olive complexion, red and black eyes, small thin lips, and a nose shaped like the bend of an eagle. Although he had dressed like his companions, although, like them, he wore the big wig—the latest fashion—lightly powdered, it was easily seen, on examination, that he was ill at ease in this sanity costume and ridiculous head dress to which assuredly his youth had not been accustomed.

However, after having laughed heartily as if the facetiousness we have just related had been to white as comic, our hunters turned to pay their respects to the bottle.

As Denis turned towards his companions, his glance met that of Raphael.

The latch vanished immediately from the nobleman's lips.

Raphael's look was so expressive of contempt that Denis could not mistake it for an instant.

Ah, ah, sir! he said, with blasphemy "have you, perchance, anything to say. It seems to me that you are troubling yourself very much about me."

Raphael bent his head.

Why, sir," he replied, "I might indeed have something to say to you, should I regard the matter from your point of view."

How! what would be the use of it to you then supposed I am not capable of understanding you ?"

Pardon! was going to reply.

Be silent," murmured Cyril. "If there is to be a quarrel between us and our friend, I am not willing that we should make the first advances by provoking them."

And Cyril, half turning towards Denis, continued:

We are not of this country, sir; it is therefore reasonable if we do not know its customs. My brother wished to say to you that he was surprised that the inhabitants of the mountainous were of such a peaceful disposition that they submit so readily to insults."

Ah! ah! that surprises you, gentlemen. And I am surprised, what would it matter do to a nobleman who should have thrown a glass of wine——

The peasant would kill the nobleman, sir," said Raphael, interrupting him.

He would kill him! Ah! ah! ah! And the laws of that country then would absolve him the noblemen?"

You have not understood, sir."

Let us say no more about them."

Pardon, sir, pardon," said Prance."

Ah! Dauphiné is the Scotland of France. Let ignorance of this particular. Ah, ah, many thanks, sir, for the information. If you like, Beaumesnil, we will continue, we will go one of these days and travel down there, which is looking for the scalps of twelve the vile humor of those Scotchmen of the cool head."

I do not advise it, sir," said Raphael, with irony.

You do not advise me! In truth," replied Denis, "I am very much obliged to you for the advice, and I never accept it from any one."

Sir——

What is it?"

Beware!"

Denis!"

Leave our words, uttered almost at one time, were pronounced by Raphael and his brothers with a calmness which provoked anger in the other.

Cyril and Julien did not desire a quarrel, Beaumesnil and Mendes did not either. Of the four, Denis alone sought to excite matters.

A moment of silence followed. Raphael had thrown a piece of money on the table and turned his back to Denis. Denis had decided also to pay his share of the repast, and turned his back to Raphael.

At this moment an unexpected spectacle occurred to distract and appease the agitated parties.

At about three hundred yards, on the Pedigny road, were three travellers advancing in the direction of the inn. Those three creatures were an Indian woman, and a mule. The man held the mule by the bridle; the woman was on the animal.

The man wore a strange costume, partaking certainly more of the Indian than of the Christian; upon his back a kind of stable cloak, scarlet-colored, and edged; trimmed over his shoulder; a napier upon his hip; and, lastly, over the right eye a large black patch. The woman was still more singularly clad. She had her face half enveloped in a veil; a piece of red and white striped stuff around her body in the Indian style; with her hands crossed upon her knees. She seemed either asleep or to be in prayer.

The man sang while guiding the mule.

The mule, harnessed in Spanish fashion, jogged joyously on, from time to time shaking the bells attached to his ears.

Raphael, Cyril and Julien looked with interest

on this group, which recalled to them those old pictures representing Bohemian travelling.

Nemio and Beaumenil began to laugh anew at the appearance of this comic trio.

Nemio this time was not laughing. He examined with curiosity the costume of the woman on the table.

"What can they be?" said Nemio. "Where do they come from?"

"They are people from Calliot, upon my word," answered Beaumenil. "Look at that man. And that woman, who is asleep in spite of the ringing of those little bells."

"Do you think she is asleep? I bet you if the male should hit the woman, would not wake."

"Oh, this is exaggeration."

"Do you bet? A hundred louis?" asked Nemio.

"Very well; a hundred louis! But how to prove it?"

"That's my business!" replied Nemio. "You will see! I have not been able to kill a bear. I am going to kill a male. That must be much easier, don't you think so?"

"What! You mean——"

"I mean to get my hundred louis, by Jove!"

The end of this edifying conversation had taken place in a low tone. Raphael, Fernand Julien had not heard it. Placed in front of these gentlemen, the two brothers had not even seen the movement of Nemio when seizing his gun.

Nemio levelled it.

"Here," said Mendez, hastily extending his hand. "What are you about to do?"

But Nemio's finger was already on the trigger.

The mule stopped short, uttered a groan, stood on his back limbs, tried to walk again, reeled, and at last broke down.

The unhappy beast had received a bullet in the breast.

CHAPTER X.

SONGHANDIE, THE INDIAN WOMAN.

Simultaneously with the pitiful groan uttered by the mule, two screams were heard. One was a cry of grief, which escaped from the man with the black patch; the other was one of anger, and came from Songhandie's throat.

Nemio, with his gun still smoking in his hand, stood laughing at the result of his sagacious victory.

Beaumenil laughed also with his friend.

Mendez alone remained serious. His eye was fixed on the woman in the Indian dress, who, dragged along by the fall of the mule, was now rolling in the dust.

The three brothers exchanged glances. They had no need to speak to understand each other. They were but a dozen paces from Stanlie, and that distance they freed with one bound.

"What is it?" said Stenlo, at seeing these three men suddenly standing before him.

Raphael took off his hat; his brothers imitated him.

"Pardon, sir," he said, in the calmest tone, "one word: you cannot at present see now that you never accepted advice from any one, and I am much disposed to believe it. Those wives you have shown yourself to be foolishly wicked and cowardly, since I never happen to you to receive lessons."

Raphael had not finished speaking when Stenlo, in a transport of rage, raised his hand.

But the brave brothers had foreseen this movement; they simultaneously drew back a step, and the gentleman's hand found itself suspended above three threatening blades.

"Ah! ah!" said Stenlo, drawing back, almost in spite of himself, "three against one, my brave fellows!"

"You judge us by your own valor, sir," replied Cyril. "Choose the one of us who may be you best. The other two will remain neutral."

"Gentlemen," said Stenlo, "I am convinced you would prefer to join the party, which would be infinitely more agreeable to me; everybody's."

Beaumenil and Mendez had, in fact, joined their friend from the moment the swords had flashed.

The gentlemen appeared to be consulting together.

"Will" called out Raphael, frankly, "we await you, my masters. Here we then understood aright. Are you the three of you—under it to insult and torment poor folks?"

Stenlo became livid; he was about to start forward; Nemio restrained him, and alone advanced towards the gentlemen; the nitre-colored man looked at one and the other, as if he would have willingly measured those against him, and dared to attack him and his companions; then, with his hat on his head, said with dignity:

"You are mistaken, sirs; the Comte Stenlo de Kerdrel-Kerdrel, and I am Nemio Kerdrel myself, Don Mendez y Lerrede, have never decelined the honor of a rencontre with whoever it might be—even to unknown people."

"You names are Cyril, Julien and Raphael Brisson, and we are the sons of Gervais Brisson, an old soldier in the service of France."

"Very well, sirs," replied Nemio y Lerrede, with affected gravity, which he thought the proceeds and the Chevalier de Beaumenil let stray from their lips a smile of contempt. "Very well! three sons of an old soldier in the service of France, fall! are assuredly worthy adversaries—most worthy! We will fight you then, gentlemen, we will fight you as long as it pleases you, and we will be glad of it. Only permit me a little observation which will save your warlike attitude—for the present, at least. I like to believe. To fight between gentlemen means—may—what do you think? Now, if you have your swords, have you not permitted that we had not ours? And most assuredly you are too brave to make us the wicked party by obliging us to defend ourselves with hunting-knives?"

While Mendez was speaking the brothers and each returned his sword to its sheath.

"You are right, gentlemen," replied Raphael, ashamed of having allowed it to be supposed by his adversaries that he had hesitated, and himself could for a moment have thought of abusing their advantage. "The disgust at what has just transpired caused us to overlook that you were not in a condition to fight with us. Send some one to fetch your arms or appoint a place of rendezvous. We have two days to be at Pollgny—we will place ourselves at your disposal."

"Two days! Why that's charming!" said Stenlo; "for notwithstanding your great desire to be agreeable to you, it would be an impossibility on mest to-day. We live pretty far—at Villers Castle—and my friend, the Chevalier de Beaumenil, has an exception there even. Now, you must conceive that though a duel may be an extraordinary affair for an amusement, a good dinner has its charms also; and——"

"And no-morrow, if M. le Chevalier de Beaumenil has no exception, shall you be at liberty, perchance, gentlemen?"

Stenlo bit his lips.

"Yes, sir, yes," he replied; "to-morrow we will arrange so as to occupy ourselves solely and only with you."

"Thank good! Then, to morrow,—where and when shall we find you, if you please?"

"Ah! ah! you are in a hurry, it?"

"I don't like long conversations with people who I don't like or who displease me."

"Pshaw! Decidedly your blood is very hot, M. Raphael Brisson; we shall endeavor to cool it to-morrow."

"That is just what, for your honor's sake, I advise you to try, M. Stenlo de Salmenoch."

"Well, to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, at the sources of the Glanline. If you do not know the place, the first peasant you meet with will tell you, some of a soldier."

"Enough said. Twelve o'clock to-morrow. So as not to waste time, we shall be there before you."

Upon this, Raphael, Cyril and Julien had slightly bowed to Stenlo, Beaumenil and Mendez, and retuning their back to them they directed their steps to the spot where were the mule and dead body to engage a moment the sudden appearance had recalled in the scene which we have just narrated.

The reader has been no doubt astonished that during this scene Songhandie, who was in the most interested in demanding reparation for the insult he had committed—that is to say, the owner of the mule—had remained distant, while the three sons of the soldier had so nobly maintained his cause for him.

Raphael and his brothers thought somewhat like the reader, on advancing towards this personage, who seemed to be endowed either with much stoicism or else cowardice.

In a word, we will explain the cause of the conduct of the man with the black patch—in the same manner as the three brothers, by a glance at the situation and attitudes of the man, had understood that he was a male, and not a female, that he was a coward and a wicked man.

The three brothers, in truth, had the male had dragged the woman she was carrying.

This woman, violently thrown to the ground, had struck her forehead against an enormous stone.

Was she dead, or had she only fainted away? This question, which the three gentlemen, before, she lay, apparently lifeless, in the arms of Songhandie, who, on their approach, began to walk away, crying.

A moment's care are much more and than save shed by a woman.

The three brothers, stopped respectfully, at some distance from the group.

The man who had raised the ground, holding the woman's head on his knees, and slanching in the eyes of the stranger, addressed from the air which ceased from the wound, at the same time it would.

"My poor Songhandie, my poor Songhandie, answer me! Look at me, if I hear you! It is I, Dominique, thy brother who calls thee. Dear, dear friend—speak to me—you are not dead, no! you are not dead! Open your eyes, Songhandie, look at me! Ah! my God! my God! Think then, that in a few weeks—in a few days we shall be married! Oh, my God, my God! Songhandie, you to whom I owe so much, you! but no answer! Ah! my God! my God! Songhandie! I can repay some portion of my debt to you, my dear friend, my dear friend! Songhandie! if you were to leave me now; do you hear—Songhandie! Ah! my God! my God! Songhandie! Songhandie! Songhandie, do not leave me on the earth, for I should be too unhappy! I should remain dead to the appeal of her friend. She is not dead, she is not dead! Oh! my God! my God! once have been handsome, but whose features, though still fine, have been completely disfigured by misery and grief.

"Will" replied Cyril, quickly drawing a fine flask from his pocket.

Raphael was about putting the bottle to the mouth of the woman, when Songhandie, suddenly alarmed, said:

"Gentlemen! I pentitent you are very sure, are you not, that it cannot do her any harm?"

"No one, dear friend," replied Dominique, "no one imagine, then, we have a mind to poison Songhandie, my sister!"

"Oh! no, sir, no; I am not afraid of that! I know you, sir, and you, sir, and you, gentlemen, the three of you. I pentitent you! Yes, sir, open her eyes; oh! she is not dead! What happiness! Oh! my God! my God!"

Revived by the taste, Songhandie had soon recovered her senses. At the first recognized Dominique, and a smile accompanying the first word of her friend rose to her lips. She looked at the three brothers, and without appearing surprised at the sight of strangers, she murmured softly:

"Ah! it is you, sir; my sons; Songhandie is very happy; her sons are handsome; her sons have a heart like their father."

Dominique listened to his companion, covering her face with kisses.

"Yes, yes," he said, "thank these gentlemen for your son's having been so brave as to defend them well." And addressing the three brothers, Dominique added:

"Do not be offended if she calls you her sons, gentlemen; she is a woman who has lost you see, my poor Songhandie; she is mad. Ah! my God! my God! Songhandie, you recall to it, you see; it consists in taking all she meets for her children. Well, Songhandie, you are better now, are you not? Oh yes, your countenance speaks for itself. Now, my dear one journey; you will remount Nina, and we will set out at once for Pollgny."

In the excitement of his compassion's recovery, Dominique had not, in fact, seen that never again carry anybody. The remembrance of the death of his poor beast returned to him, as he finished pronouncing three words; and turning round, he looked where the mule lay, continued in a sad tone:

"How shall we make it, Nina? Nina! Nina! shall we do?"

"Dear friend," said Raphael, touched like the brothers at the heavy despair which Dominique manifested for a poor beast, "we hope help you?"

"Pray," exclaimed Dominique, "speak, gentlemen, speak?"

"Are you going far?"

Dominique bowed his head affirmatively.

"Is it very urgent?"

"And you are poor, perhaps."

"Alas, sir, I am poor!"

"Well," went on Raphael, "although we are not rich, we have a mule to dispose of, and have lost. We go from this place to a village, where we shall remain to believe to-morrow our friends. Remain in this inn, and to-morrow evening, after the duel, we will return to your occupation, if not of the same species as Nina, at least one as docile and agreeable."

Dominique was not listening, but drinking Raphael's words.

"Is it true, gentlemen?" he said. "Then I may hope to be able to buy a beast of burden, and then it would be only as a loan, you see, that I should accept from you offer me. I am very glad, when I get back to my cart in place. I shall not be poorer than others! Dominique Nolini, gentlemen, a native of Compiègne. You will tell me your name, that I can register them in my memory; and, I can only tell you this, that good fortune are sure to bring happiness. Well, gentlemen, it is arranged—a pony, an ass, bow ever so small, for Songhandie, who is not strong enough to walk—thanks all! replies—and I will thine you, gentlemen, I will bless you and if my poor friend recover tell you that, truly ally, her soul will bless you—for the unfortunate have souls too, be sure of it—and women even have souls, gentlemen. Songhandie is asleep only; but she is alive, and she will pray for you as well as other people, for generous hearts."

So at once reassured by the stranger, and his wife relished our travellers.

In a few words the brothers acquainted the two peasants with their arrangements, and that they were to give Songhandie the man with the black patch and to his companion, until their return, the mule needed to continue their journey.

Songhandie listened, without interrupting them, until Raphael put to him the following question:

"Is it the custom in the country of Pollgny, that he who has killed a beast——"

"Pay for it?" replied Dominique, answered:

"No, no—indeed, gentlemen, with money. We can buy anything at Pollgny, but you need not trouble yourselves about it."

"Why is not trouble ourselves about it?"

"Certainly, you are interested in those poor people, whose mule the Comte de Salmenoch has killed? Very well—that's enough; those poor people shall have what you desire for them—and more than you desire; that is the business of the Chief of the Realm."

"The Fairy of the Rocks?" repeated Cyril, with a burst of laughter.

"I mean," replied the peasant, in a half voice, "I mean the Fairy of the Realm. It is nap—be it not so, gentlemen? But night is coming on, and you are expected at Pollgny."

On so unexpectedly hearing that sentence pronounced by a woman that sentence which their father had given to them as a countersign, the three brothers looked at each other, yet unknown mission—the three brothers were not surprised.

Thomas profited by the surprise of the three brothers to whisper to his understand listen to more on. A good action must not be known. Let us not be talked about by our protégées for this night. And more than that, gentlemen, I am a poor peasant, you know; I promise that they shall go to you at the hotel of the Grand Monarch, and that the Chevalier Brunel, to the you good-day. Now, go! go! It is time, and you are expected at Pollgny."

There was much a note of frankness and confidence in the accent of Dominique, that Raphael, Cyril and Julien did not distrust him. Songhandie, meeting with the same confidence, went towards the inn, where a brother awaited her with impatience.

"Adieu, Dominique!" said the three brothers.

"Adieu!" replied the stranger, "adieu! I am going away, gentlemen!"

"Yes, yes! Go! go! Be again to-morrow, at Pollgny."

"To-morrow, then, my dear sirs. Thanks again—thanks for Songhandie and for myself!"

And the noble words of wise are here not paid for!" added Raphael.

At a sign from Nemio and fetch the valise left at the foot of the tree where they had been dragged, Cyril and Julien, the one by the head, the landscape stopped the two young men, by saying:

"As for what you owe me, gentlemen, I hope, indeed, that you will not refuse to accept what you will among me much by insisting on paying me. I am rich enough, and I should be sorry to you in my house—you might leave me the pleasure of being your host, at least, on one occasion."

"It is so," said Cyril, "we accept your kindness, M. Thomas. We are not grandees, and we might have to wait a long time before we could return it."

"Gentlemen, your kindness bronze radiant with pleasure.

"I will not, indeed, refuse," he said, gaily; "I am very glad to see that you are not angry. I see the care of bringing it to you no-morrow at the Grand Monarch. Now, I will leave you, as naps not be very heavy; but, however, since we are to meet again so soon, I will not say adieu, fatigue, why should you refuse me?"

"Well, then, adieu!" replied Julien, "and, indeed, whose duty it was that day to carry the wounded, and their father could not understand of the burden. We have no need of our valises this evening, and provided it reaches us to-morrow——"

"Be assured that it will be very, gentlemen, to-morrow morning, before you, a snail, it shall do as the hotel."

"Then, it is arranged—to-morrow morning, friend."

"To-morrow, gentlemen—to-morrow."

The sons of the soldier grew, Thomas Toubin, and the three brothers felt afforded to help him in seeing Songhandie comfortably at the foot of the tree.

"Oh! I have done now," said the traveller, with a last look at the group. "Adieu!"

"Very well; let us go and get up a good dinner."

"If you are very kind, sir; but don't be extravagant. Stenlo de Salmenoch will not particular, sadly."

"Be at ease, I shall trouble yourself. I don't mean to ruin you."

"All right. But——"

Dominique, sighing again, took a step towards the inn, and said:

"But," he continued, "you will call me a fool, M. Raphael."

"Thomas Toubin."

"Thomas Toubin. Well, I my again you will call me a fool—no doubt you will; but, after thinking of supper, I should have liked——"

"What?"

"You see this poor beast there dead. I have had no time to look at it, and I am sure it was the well; and Songhandie also. I would like to have had the skin, to make a bag of it."

"Thomas Toubin! It would make me feel ashamed, if I were you, to have thought, and think that the crown would be at her to-morrow."

Thomas Toubin smiled with pleasure.

"Then, sir," he said, "I will give you all you want; you are right. When beasts have served us well, we owe them a sort of devotion. We have no their loss."

The group crossed the hand of the peasant, and picking up his package, he began to follow the path which led to Pollgny.

"But is the matter?" said Dominique, turning round, and perceiving Songhandie to the door of the inn.

"There is no longer near Songhandie; but in her place stood one of the three hunters whom Cyril, Raphael, and Julien, had given the next day as the mouth of the Glanline.

"Ah! it is you, gentlemen!" replied Dominique.

"Ah! Songhandie is his brother-in-law, and why does he look at Songhandie in that manner? Songhandie is a woman, and not a friend lost to me, I may have left to others to let them more than they had believed Thomas Toubin; but it is a different thing now that I have no longer any fear for my old companion."

The two of the three hunters who had returned, was Dan Sendrac.

Dan Sendrac, standing before Songhandie, was the old Indian woman, the thoughts, that he did not appear to have heard the surrounding stand of Dominique, for it was not until the latter was at the side of the insane woman that he lifted his head.

Then, still cried Dominique, in a voice changed by emotion, "what do you desire, and why do you look them at this moment?"

Mendez made no answer; he continued to look at Songhandie, who, at the sound of Dominique's voice had opened her eyes.

"It is you and bear me, sir," said Dominique, more vehemently, "what do you want? If you accused me of your friends to commit a base action, in killing, for more amusement, a poor, inoffensive beast; it is to amuse yourself, in your turn, that you come to torment an unfortunate woman, who is dying?"

Mendez started.

"Speak to you say, sir?" he answered; "this woman has no longer her reason! Are you sure of what you say?"

"Why should I deceive you? What interest have I here in doing so? and what interest have you in questioning my word?"

Mendez was silent. He looked attentively at the face of Songhandie, seeming to find there the proof of what he had heard. Like it there was no mistaking it; so, Dominique was not deceiving him; that face, impassible as that of a statue, was indeed that of an insane woman.

"Dominique," muttered Songhandie, in that tone of voice which the human creatures rendered by the mysterious will of the Almighty when they are living machines, "Dominique, Songhandie is tired; Songhandie would like to go to bed. Songhandie is hungry."

Mendez drew back.

"Yes, yes," he whispered, and turning away his eyes, as if he could no longer bear such a heart-rending sight, "yes, this woman is indeed bereft of reason!"

And addressing Dominique:

"You asked me what interest brought me here," he continued, "and I will tell you. It is easy to explain. Your mule has been killed. I am the owner of the assassin."

A purse fell at the feet of the poor woman, and Mendez added, with visible emotion:

"And I am the owner of the assassin."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

THE HONEYMOON.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

Hark how the grass out Ocean day and night
Sings to the moon, that sails the sky above.
That hastens to wane night,
In ego long pilgrims, joyful nuptiales!

II.

Unswerving ever lovers the giant rock
Of Gibraltar, and ever shall
The eternal voice the land and wallet below.

III.

Oh then, O God! the vast sea of my soul
Breaks ever on the feet of thy great throne,
And murmurs but of love
In one long, plaintive, soft monotone.

IV.

Unanswered yet: but, hoping, still I calm:
Thou wilt not leave me in the end
How terrible if the wide
Sea of my soul should break in vain!

JEFF. GRINDLE'S MONEY-BELT.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Can you imagine what kind of a world this would be were there no money in it? No buying, no selling, no bargaining, no "trade," in a word, no anything with which gold or silver or crisp bank-notes have to do?

Had you asked Jeff. Grindle, he would have told you that, for his part, he could not only his life, but his soul—aye, and his friend, for the sake of a "pile." Not that Jeff. was a miser, in the place where it had been was sited an immense heart, which, had it been possible, would have gladly emptied its every pulse into comforts and luxuries and the gratification of every wish of those he loved, to the neglect of his own self, and nothing else.

Jeff. was a sailor. Jeff. Grindle steamed a friend but some sojourns in the sailing and steaming line, and one night fellow-townsmen Shamed also every pretty girl, lost Cupid his heart, and Hymen had bring with him marriage the grocer's, butcher's and baker's bills, and a family to support.

A family! At the word, dozens of morocco boxes, holding each a dozen of the most delicate little bottles with eyes like tobacco-pipes, and noses like red cabbages, rose before the mind's eye of Jeff. Grindle's soul and an old maid or bachelor uncle, who had been the object of his fond competition, whereat tender feelings might have expressed, became tarnished and dim, and the sailor's heart sank.

Nathan Grindle, Jeff.'s father, had been a George's mercer-lender, he felt for the first time the responsibility of his position. His coffers filled fast; he had a certain power over many, and many a time had he enjoyed the luxury of a magnificent fortune. But though yet young, he had seen enough of the world to know that those years of his life counted by twenties, Jeff. had lived well, and a good liking for money, but never had even spent a dollar on his own account at all worthy of the name. He had lived from hand to hand, forgiving the with each hour to cook the scanty handful of pence which might be bought by the labor of his hands for himself at home. Then he found porridge and bread and food for a man, and he was struggling it the salt. They called him Old Grindle, and he was but twenty-five, and fancied other men of his age old. The fear of the future now might and did fall on him; in fact, it was even for ever. He had no friends. He had had fatherers and mothers, but they owed over many a head. He had it in his power to have had friends—numerous friends and unreclosed mortgages made him richer every day; and with all, he was a poor man and no one saw him steal, with trembling limbs and a heart beating with fear, to the pawn-shop and bolts and bars that made the place so terribly grim.

Real estate in plenty had old Jeff. Grindle also. Blocks of houses in New York, farms in country places, and well and promptly his tenants paid their rents. For himself he lived in a comfortable, dilapidated house to the suburbs of Camden, and would not have let so much room. He at warts save that neighbors would have been inconvenient with a cellar full of gold. Nine property would fall into his hands sooner or later also, for he held mortgages on many a fine estate. But the place he had coveted most was Symthorpe, the Sandrew's homestead, not very far from the Bridcot. It was a magnificent property, and time to a man's money day to be a place of importance. Then it would be no enormous fortune in building loan, and he possessor the thickest man in the world.

Jeff. Grindle would have sold his soul to the Evil One to be sure that he should be that visible person.

At present he held a mortgage on it; and from the babble of the owner—a young man who lived what people called a fast life, and lastated his money as he did his horses, his dogs, his yachts, his wife and his children and his friends—Jeff. Grindle thought he saw a chance which was a very golden dream in the future.

Charlie Sandrew owed much, but he also to meet his liabilities. He was a careless fellow, and trusted in every man's honesty and good will. Jeff. Grindle was what the merry, jovial blue-bottle fly is to the plump old grizzly, waddling in his corner-net. By moonlight Jeff. Grindle sometimes stalked about the house, like a ghost, and imagining it all building lots and all his own. Next year in particular, Charlie Sandrew was quite behind-hand, and Mr. Grindle kept ready for a pounce. The time was fast approaching when it might be made. He heard stories of Charlie's extravagance and recklessness, and saw the milliner's girl returning from a dressing-gown fitting with a parcel under her arm as large as herself.

Judge then of his disappointment when one bright evening Charlie Sandrew, looking old and gay as ever, rode up to his old house and announced his intention of paying off the mortgage.

Mrs. Sandrew had been talking to me," he said, "and she's a wise little soul. You see, Grindle, I've been a fool in some respects, and ill is uncertain; I must leave that unburdened to my wife. I'm not going to die just yet if I die young. I have sold my stable lately on to the Bridcot property, and I've got a good deal more, but I know whom I had to deal with, Grindle, and I'll trust Charlie's new money in his hands and now for the proper papers—receipts and so forth. I'll wait in the parlor, and be mortgage on it to-morrow, at all events."

Old Grindle was dumb-founded. He read over the acknowledgements with trembling hands and pocketed the bill. He had feared as the thought and is uncertain; I must leave that unburdened to my wife. I'm not going to die just yet if I die young. I have sold my stable lately on to the Bridcot property, and I've got a good deal more, but I know whom I had to deal with, Grindle, and I'll trust Charlie's new money in his hands and now for the proper papers—receipts and so forth. I'll wait in the parlor, and be mortgage on it to-morrow, at all events."

Old Grindle was dumb-founded. He read over the acknowledgements with trembling hands and pocketed the bill. He had feared as the thought was to have been added to his store that melted into air. What was he to do? He looked at the table worth to him? Nothing. He spat upon it, and with a madman's glare in his bloodshot eyes.

His voice was so fierce and strange that he heard it himself, and was startled at the wild word whether it were possible for any one to hear him.

Five he servants to be eavesdroppers, and he is negligible. He put on his hat—hastily. Had? But some one might come in; I forget in bolt the door after that useful word.

So speaking, he thrust the gold into a leathern belt, which he had worn for years, and left the house.

Shortly he heard a sound—a hollow grunt—a panting cry or sob. Jeff. Grindle cared nothing for others, and he was not the man to be a stranger in necessity. Yet he was curious the sound. Was it some one dying? It was a low, stone brightly. All the lare garden was lighted in either light. The sound came from the house, but the bottom part of the house. He could see the kitchen window, and there, on the floor, was the slim trees overhead, or a vagrant sailor, or a drunken man, but which it was he was lying in wait for him, or somebody's enemy.

Jeff. Grindle's heart stood still. He never shut the creature up, and self in it expressed would not have been.

Jeff. Grindle crept out to others—a night that man his blood ran cold. On the narrow path lay a heap of clothes, and from it a head. Its face was black upon his shoulders and bleeding from a great wound in the back of the head. The white face and form seemed those of a stranger, but the clothes were those of Jeff. Grindle's friend. He had ridden a young horse—a wild, fiery animal, that had thrown him, dragged him and rushed away homeward. This explained the wound in the head, and, indeed, proved that the money-lender's mind.

Thrown him and killed him, for he seemed dead.

Jeff. Grindle crept nearer and nearer form and strove to lift it. It was too heavy for him. He only dislodged something in the breast pocket, which fell to the ground, which it was not upon the road. Jeff. Grindle picked them up. They were a wallet and a letter. In the first receipts, the vouchers by which Charlie Sandrew had paid off the interest on some of his mortgages.

He put them in his fingers, and no mortal eye saw him, and his greed of gold was very great. He could not see the face of his friend in all white and trembling as to an agent fit. He thought of the letter, but before he opened it he whispered of the bulging into some day to be his own, and then he tore it open, and read it slowly by prompt payment.

It was a letter to a moment that he hesitated only a moment that the papers had a chance of being discovered, and then he opened the letter. It fallen: the text they were thrust into his own pocket, and he opened the letter. It was a letter thieves! Fie!—anything that would bring the money-lender's name to disgrace.

Soon lights twinkled in the chamber windows, and Jeff. Grindle knew that Mrs. Sandrew, her sister, and an old washerwoman, a host of children, and the nurse were gathering round the dead mother. The blacksmith, as the boldest, headed the procession.

"What's the matter, Mr. Grindle? House on fire?"

"I don't know," panted the miser. "Where is Mrs. Sandrew? Is she safe?"

"It's a man!" cried the caller.

"Where is Mrs. Sandrew?" repeated his wife. "Mr. Charles Sandrew, of Sunnybank. Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

"He's been coming to see you," said the blacksmith's wife, "and he's been murdered."

"Perhaps, perhaps," growled the miser. "Where's the doctor? Where's the doctor? He's alive he'll heal a doctor."

"Yes, yes," cried the crowd.

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she said-as hundred times. "What trouble might have come to us had it not been done."

Therefore she scarcely guessed the business on which old Grimble came to Sunnybrae one spring morning.

He left him alone with Charlie and went out into the park, where she sat awhile; when a cry—cry, even as calls—from her husband aroused her. She ran in and found him, pallid with excitement, standing opposite to the miser.

Grimble has gone mad, I think," he said. "Bring me the papers, Ellen."

"What papers?" she asked quickly, though her heart beat intensely.

"The deeds that I have paid off the mortgage on Sunnybrae."

"I have never seen them. Where are they?"

"Heaven knows. I had them in my pocket-book the day of my accident—they were there five minutes before my horse shied and ran away. You have put them somewhere in the excitement and forgotten them."

"No," said Ellen. "I never saw them, though I believed the mortgage paid."

"I tell you they are gone," Mr. Benfield has been feverish, delirious—he fancies all this. I have acted very patiently; I might have called on him weeks ago."

"Hush, dear Ned. "You know I speak the truth; you saw the money. I sold those horses on March 3. I paid it to Grimble, and the proofs were in my pocket when I fell. I must have lost them. That was the afternoon we missed the fact."

"Where your memory can prove you remember the truth," said old Grimble. "You have not found one trace for months. Do you expect I can settle matters to the satisfaction of all parties, and pay off these your accusation that—sir—that I feel much hurt; such accusations are proofs that—that the brain—Mrs. Benfield, proof, you know, if it were so. Probably you were robbed on the highwayside on your way to me."

Vainly poor Charles reiterated his assertion, vainly he raved and uttered accusations. His fury only increased Ned's doubt, and even his wife began to wonder whether he might not be wandering.

Old Grimble walked away in triumph. He knew that he was safe in his side. He knew that Sunnybrae was his, and went to work with energy to destroy the missing papers that had been scattered to the winds long ago, and Charles Benfield had no proof. He had not needed.

A month from that day the crippled and broken-hearted man was driven from the home of his fathers, and Sunnybrae became the miser's property.

Old Grimble did not even ask whether they went or what became of them. Yet, callous as he was, he had something in store for the look and last words of the man he had robbed and ruined, for he said to his wife:

"You triumph now, villain," he said. "But remember, it is not over and eternity long. You cannot deceive God."

Sometimes the dread hour of midnight old Grimble thought he heard those words, and spoke more than once aghast. Once they so worked upon him that he arose with intentions of confessing all and making restitution, but his heart failed him ere he reached the door. The opportunity was very valuable, and his love of gain was very great.

"I must pause—five, ten, Jeff. Grindle grows old and man in good earnest. Yet despite spare diet and abstemious recreation, he was losing his vigorous, so that, when land speculators came to purchase the property of the unfortunate country where fortunes were to be made, old Grindle was as eager as any, and barricading his dwelling and feeding a firesteed dog, who would allow no stranger to approach the door, he started for the West to buy land, although I prove what it had been represented.

A dreary tract of country, with bad roads. Difficult to travel at the best of times, and impassable in wet with springs-tracks which he found himself traversing when his journey behind the second engine was over. But the lands he desired to purchase were far away, and the season was that of reaching them, or ride on horseback.

Our friend had been in the saddle for years, but the landlord of his tavern selected a not unusual which he warranted safe to bear that degree, and thus mounted, the miser rode over without accident.

Not so much as he should have felt, probably, for he was in no hurry the second day to act on his recommendation, and began to grow uncomfortably feverish. At last he fairly gave away, and ended by leaving the miser over his head, and leaving him prostrate on the ground.

Stunned and hurt, the old man lay there without making an effort to rise. He knew that he was terribly injured and would be at the mercy of any unprincipled person who passed by. He had money about him and might be murdered for its sake, or at the best, might lie there and die. He was more than a hundred miles from home and lands; the dear money—all his hoarded years rolled into the notes—was with him. He knew he would try to live, and lifting his voice he called aloud.

Nine times he called in vain. Over the rising ground came a tall man, followed by two boys of twelve and fourteen or thereabouts.

"Run on, my sons, father," cried one young voice; "and let the other shoulder—"There, is the old man? Why, he's on the poor man!"

And shadows fell slowly on the group and they came near and knelt over him.

Something more than pain caused the color to fade out of the miser's face, and all the change of time and years was forgotten in the delight of seeing his neighbor and his children. Recognized further by some of the boys. What a joyful surprise for this. Helpless, wounded, with a bed stolen by the enemy of the man he had robbed ten years before, whom their people had robbed ten years. Jeff Grindle felt his brain reel for a moment, and then he uttered a cry as one describing a vision, bending lower, uttered when these words, bending lower, uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and cried—

"It is old Grimble!"

He knew him, he would revenge himself, and he miser swooned away.

That was a strange revenge to take, he thought, when he found himself in the clean though humble bed, cared for by the people he had robbed, and to have suffered little at the hand of Time.

But he had been broken, but it was set, and all that could be done to make him comfortable was done hourly. The miser could not credit his senses; he fancied they were the result of revenge to make him suffer more. Perhaps in the end he was to be poisoned, and the tender care was the mere poke of cruelty. Charles Benfield would not let the opportunity of re-establishing a portion of his own property slip by. Old Grindle frightened himself into a fever and thought it all they were as kind to him, so patient. It must be sheer hypocrisy.

The Benfield people who had lived in luxury, had but a poor cabin and coarse fare now. They toiled hard for their daily bread, while Grimble should have been their own, and nevertheless should be bad done it all. Charles was their enemy; he had done it all. Charles Benfield knew him for a villain, though he could not prove it to the world.

Lying there, unable to move, a perfect agony of shame and terror possessed the miser. It seemed that he must die. A villain—a known villain, and in a certain measure a fitted villain as he lay before those he had injured, and visited himself covered by the green turf, so that he might not be shut from their sight.

Thus time passed on, and he grew better, almost well. He could leave them and he realized himself elsewhere. He took a certain joy in that, and made ready quickly. His old payments were deemed one by one; taken slowly from the box in which they had been locked, Then he took his cane and went out to wait for the stage coach to pass.

Charles Benfield came towards him.

"Here is something we found upon you," he said. "It promises to contain money, and have taken care of it." And the miser received his own laid the money-belt, full as it had been when he were ill left.

Old Grindle's eyes dilated. He looked as though he handed himself strangely. He stared first at Charlie and then at the belt.

"It is all here—haven't you taken any of it?" he gasped.

And Charles Benfield answered:

"We are not thieves, Mr. Grindle" and turned away.

The next moment he turned back, thinking the old cripple was mad. He saw the gray dwelling on the earth, gnashing his teeth, and heard him call out, as did Charlie, as he raised him, as a drowning man might have done.

"Mr. Benfield—Charles, help me! I'm mad! I must do it—I can't live without it! I'll go to do. It grows me—it is my soul, bless; I call witnesses. I shall repent, I swear I will. I'll make restitution, I'll—I'll—but the ruined is almost through, and they'll increase the rent. Charles Benfield, you have

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1865.

IN MEMORIAM.

On the old dying year hung the cypress bough of sorrow,
And express still waves in the new monarch's crown;
For laurel wreaths whither beneath the yew's shade
As the mighty of earth underneath it are laid.

Ere the new-scepter'd king dragged his mantle of snow
Through the first icy arch of the months bending bow,
All silently, peacefully, outward there stole
From Life's auto-chamber a patriot's soul;
Nor waited credential from potentate's pen,
Save the deeds of his years, even three-score-and-ten,
Ere he passed to the palace and stood by the throne
Where earth and ambassador answer alone.

Harsh shaded her eyes as the envoy passed in
To the bright world that shall be, from this world within which born;
And then sadly sighing, for sin, lost for him,
The palace through his old valley, mist-laden and dim.
Where the blossoms of goodness embellish the sod
All along the bright path which a good man his trod.
We plead,—"Let the night and wise pass away,
"We yield thee, oh Death! shining laurel and bay;
"But leave us the good. They are rare, oh! so rare,
"Leave the white bloom of peace on the silvery hair;
"Leave in sonie pure and honest, warm patriotic urn,
"Whose voice for sweet Charity ever shall sun;
"Leave the fair open page from a stain free and white;
"Leave the elegant tongue with its plea for the right;
"Leave us these, cruel monarch."
Ah! idly we plead:
He hears not our calling, and answers us no heed.

Like the wheat by the reaper cut suddenly down,
While yet the gold nods from its feathery crown;
Like the fair arching elm which in June-glory dies,
Nor waits till the Autumn tie lost beauty signs;
Like a snow-drift upreared till its crystalline crest
Clashes glimpses of glory adown the bright west,
Then falls, while its glitter and brightness are rife
Forever unsullied by tempest or stain—

So Evanrue passed from our vision—we saw
With the stain shining beauties of three-score-and-ten.
He went from the mountain top, not from the vale,
So Earth shall not see him go down in the dale,
Or stumble or falter. Ah, God knoweth best
When the staff in the tenth he frees at rest.

In the death of Edward Everett I have lost the oldest friend that remained to me. I was but little for the first time in August, 1813, more than a half century ago, on my examination for admission to Harvard College. Only a few months twelve years old, he nineteen. He was at the time the college year of the Latin Salutatory, and for one quarter at Cambridge our close relation with him the first books of Latin I read. On account of the stability he had displayed in the four years of his academic life, his early scholastic reputation as the best scholar that had been graduated within the traditions of the place, his grave and sedate and earnest manner, a wanting of spontaneity, that would seem him in public the object of veneration, gave him over our class no influence such as we either instinctively or consciously felt. In a few weeks he was invited to take the same left vacant by the lamented Buckminster, and at the end of the term he bade us an affectionate farewell. I remember to this day the aspect of holiness which he wore, as he made us a parting speech, full of the best counsels and admonitions. In the pulpit his manner at that time was more solemn and severe and solemn than at any later period. Crowds thronged to hear him in brief sermons, adapted to their subjects of critical learning; the oldest doctors in the temple were amazed at his skill in disputation; and the young of both sexes hung with delight on his fervid but chaste and modest eloquence.

In the later part of 1814 he travelled in the South, having for one of his chief objects to win Jefferson's good will from home friend that back from Washington. In December, John Adams, then in his eighties, poor, but the noblest fame to the great sphinx of our declaration of independence—"the unknown exiled of other remains in fancy have an ambition to see Monticello, its library, and the sage." I myself gave a line of introduction to Mr. Everett; for most cordial reasons. He had been the clergyman for about a year, and was then but twenty.

Soon elected Professor of Greek literature in Harvard, where the powers of his genius was hailed with rapturous delight by the students, he repaired to the university of Göttingen for better preparation for the office. Here among those most accomplished in learning and well famed for industry, he secured the same degree of esteem as at home. He had a strong fine facility in acquiring learning; this is one of the marked features of his intellect, to which I never knew any one that excelled him. He mastered Greek with an ease that was the admiration of his teachers; Dissen, the great successor of Heyne and Ploter and the Greek Thesaurus, a solitary recluse, learned to bear his affection; and before long he spoke and wrote German so well, that at the request of the venerable Richhorn, the editor, he contributed a review to the great Gottingen periodical.

It was during his residence abroad, that my intimate relations with Everett began. Just as he was leaving London, when fellow of engagements, and when every moment had that time was most precious, he found that I, then seventeen, was on my way through Holland to Göttingen, and he found time to write in advance and send to meet me at Amsterdam a very long letter, full of encouragement and the most minute and carefully considered detail of instructions and advice. An older friend could not have shown more of guarding care. I mention this, only to bring out an other trait in his character. He never missed an opportunity to do a kind office to a fellow man, especially to a man of letters. All his life long he was true to this quality in his nature. He could not be so corrupted, all he would find time for a good word to any young scholar that needed it, and when a worthy scholarship ventured to come before the public, he was sure to premier upon the best way of introducing him to favor, or shielding him from censure, or if need were, breaking down the way before him. He was the enemy of his hour and even of his success.

A young man who has had a fondness for classical studies, and was hesitating whether to devote himself specially to them as a profession for life, Everett advised in a different style. He added: "Yet now I have placed in such confidence in you as not to hesitate in advising you to this, because you will always be able to be devoted to the other. No one thing does, or will, give me greater pleasure than to witness any sort of improvement in America; and if you should find your self called upon to do those pursuits which fall within my sphere, you may depend upon my humble services and you must as a new pleasure of my own."

Everett also marked characteristic of Everett's mind is portrayed with exact truth, when he added: "You have a taste for books, and could gain, alike in other pursuits and in those you indeed as an art. It never fails to give pleasure. He never withheld from any one his approbation that was due. I have omitted to tell him the slightest vestige of envy, jealousy or unfriendly feeling to others was in his heart. I sometimes he was too forbearing or the contrary toward mediocrity, he generally has seemed the fittest by the keenest and most delicate discrimination. A blush of shame and His own culture of a particular branch only was deepened upon my morning's lesson,

TO THE SKY.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Sir then, O sky! shall tyrannies spread o'er me,
With all that opulence of calm or storm—
Shall the hall Beauty sits tenant
Aloof her triple throne.

Thou wert, of old,
A wonder and a warning, when the rage
Intense Chaldean on the mountains spread
The mammoth pattern to thee, and uttered—"Rise!"
Then ate a weaker will. In endless awe
The nations bent on you, whether they saw
Thee in the breeze, or rain from thunder-cloud,
Or burning sunset, or the midnight stars,
Or living presence; or in the Autumn-Wind,
That sobs, like some lone, mournful pilgrim-soul
Amid the yellow leaves, and like the sea
To solemn contemplation; or in tempest
The lords of tempest would flash flaming circles,
And sound on mountain-tops until we awoke
To the just decision of a disinfecting flood.

Earth-ruling sky! the nations take from thee
Their powers and their sons, whether they ship
Blades ready o'er the Atlantic by surge,
Or sip the wine of peace.

Boundless art!
What hand hath yet in you for mortals' cargo
Thine ocean piled thereon? What lavish hand
Weighed
The mountain quiescence? What fine hath tried
The great, bright wilderness of vast spreading to learn
That all the science of humanity?

Thou one ocean!
Thou one sea! O, many waves upon each!
Thou one people, all humble but bright leaf,
And one true Earth, all—Orbs unite!

LEFT ALONE.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "SELF-RAISED," "WIFE SUPPOSED HAND," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXI.

BRAVE STRUGGLES.

Telling, striving, surviving,
Hoping all things till the end,
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close,
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose. Longfellow.

Owen arose bright and early on Monday morning. Gayly he took down the shutters and opened the shop; then he lighted a little fire in the small cylinder stove, and went behind the counter and arranged his show-case hastily he seated himself on the high stool, at the shop desk, and began to study the invoice furnished him by Mr. Lacy, that he might be well posted in the retail prices of the goods. He did this while waiting for customers.

But the early morning passed and no customers came to it.

At eight o'clock Morley called him into the back parlor to breakfast.

He went in a little discouraged. But he had scarcely sat down, and helped himself to some of the hash made of the cold mutton left from yesterday's dinner, when the shop bell rang sharply. He was made to the door by the opening of the door.

Owen dropped his knife and fork and eagerly ran into the shop. In a few minutes he returned again.

"Mother dear, it is the woman whose husband keeps the shop at the Three Pea Inn. She wants to get some things on credit. Must I let her have them?"

"Of course, Owen," said Amy.

Owen hesitated for a moment, as though he had some objection to advance; but finally he turned and went back to his breakfast. This time he was gone half an hour, at the end of which he returned with a very cheerful face.

"Mother dear, I have sold another dozen," he said.

"Did she, love? She was a good customer."

"I don't know, mother. Father didn't think she was, although he kept her custom on credit. She has been on our books for ever so long, mother."

"Ah, Owen, so are we on other people's, darling! We must, first and last, trust some."

"Yes, mother, but we are on other people's books for the necessaries of life, and we cannot do without. And we pay as fast as we can. But this woman, Mrs. Hall, comes for rum in dots for luxuries like oats or roses, and bear's grease, and rouge, and lily-white, and she seldom or never pays, and there are so many like her, mother that George is every village to break every tradesman in it if they would trust them. Should we pay going to credit these people?" inquired Owen, very seriously.

"My love, I must! I sell cloth, Owen, and I am not refused. Therefore when credit is asked of me, I must give it."

"Yes, mother, but there is such a difference as to one's right to credit between one person and another. We run in debt because we cannot help it, and we mean to pay. But these other people, it seems to me, run in debt because they can do it, and they never mean to pay! Mother, you don't know how many times they go on over their books! And as to those goods that we have got now, mother, it seems not right, treasury of Mr. Lacy to risk them by selling them on credit, as loss must we have made money by such sales to pay him for them."

"There may be some reason in what you say, little son; but the whole case comes to this—that no man can have the face to ask credit in the village, we cannot have the face to refuse it!"

"Oh, mother! I wouldn't refuse it to any one who was known to be a good pay; only to suspicious people. Mother dear, all our success depends on such a discrimination."

"You wouldn't refuse it to any one who was known to be a good pay, Owen, my boy, are so known to be good pay? By no means. And yet, as you confess to credit, to a certain extent, we are done by."

"Oh, mother dear! there is such a difference, if you would but see it!" said the boy.

"I see it, Owen," said Amy, but her little son was forced to obey her.

Owen had scarcely finished his breakfast before the shop bell rang sharply again.

He hurried away to answer its summons.

This time the visitor was a young lady, who prided herself much in the name and likes herself a real pencil for which she paid ten cents, and went away.

And that was the only cash customer Owen had all day. But then Monday was always a "slow" day for business.

The following days were rather faster; yet at the close of the week, when the young shopkeeper made up his book, he found that he had made nothing at all. His cash sales did not cover expenses, and his credits sales knew he would be more than half clear loss.

Owen knew the evil but—in the fatal habit of trusting untrustworthy people! But he could not tell that evil to his mother, gentle, tender-hearted, confiding mother instead that credit should be given to all who asked it, because credit had been given to her.

Young as he was, Owen was very clearly to what all this tended.

As other boys have been endowed with genius for art, science, or literature, so Owen Wynne was gifted with that wonderful commercial talent that afterwards made his name so famous among the merchant princes of our country.

He greatly and respectfully, in his boyish way, tried to argue with his mother on her ruinous trust to all comers, the business of the shop, manner of ordering the business. We all know that notes are perfectly docile animals compared to one of these gentle creatures like Amy, when they have once formed a resolution that they deem to be right. Nature may be modified and mountains moved; but not she!

There was from twenty to thirty dollars taken in by Owen each week. But every dollar of this money was mercifully laid to by pay Mr. Lacy. And never stood when, at the end of the week's accounts, there happened to be a few items offered, did Amy refuse them in the luxury of a little fresh beef or mutton.

Owen pleaded hard—and with the calmness of one who knows that he is right—but all in vain. He was not to be heard. Owen was obliged to gather stocks for the shop, and to vet trade for the will game. As it was necessary to do all this without neglecting the shop, Owen arose each morning long before it was daylight, went to the woods, and examined his trap; took and game that might have been caught in it, and, returning, gathered a large basket full of sticks of kindling wood. By two or three o'clock he was ready for his task for the day through. And then the boy would return home to kindle the fire, eat his noonday meal, and have dinner to get breakfast, and to open the shop for the first customer.

Always this effort to do was not a little work to do. There was a young lady of the neighborhood who was to be married. And every newspaper and seamstress in the village was after her engagement.

MRS. MORLEY EXAMINES AMY'S WORK.

And as not without just reason she tormented herself with the question—Should the next year day be her own? Should she have her own just domains of her landlord, what might he not do? The night, if he chose, might seize on all her goods and chattels, and turn her and her children into the street without notice.

Amy shuddered at the bare possibility, and worked more diligently than ever, feeling that to toil, however hard, could be too great to be undertaken to save her children from such a fate.

But Amy Wynne was striking under her accumulated burdens. The combined effects of anxiety, close confinement to the house, incessant needle-work, insufficient food, and the direst sadness upon her constitution the sewing of the fine children—only every delicate, very delicate, very delicate, very

will try to persuade you, mother dear! Oh, I wish she would let poor Lily May alone. It is so cruel to go against a poor little thing like her who can't speak for herself."

"Don't be uneasy, Owen, dear. No one shall ever persuade me to send away my Owen's Lily May," said Amy, as she kissed him tenderly and stepped out upon the sidewalk, where Nancy already stood with Little Gay in her arms—Little Gay who was clapping her hands and crowing and jumping with impatience to be off.

Owen stood for a moment in the shop door watching them walk up the street towards the parsonage.

It was indeed a lovely day. Still early in February, yet with the weather of May. The frost had disappeared more than a week before. The ground was dry, the sky was clear, the sun brilliant, the air balmy. A good many of the villagers were out walking to enjoy the beauty of the day. Many of the country people were also in the village shopping. Mr. Lacy's shop over the way seemed quite thronged with customers. Altogether, the village presented a gay scene.

"Poor Lily May!" said Owen, tenderly. "If I could only leave the shop, I would take her out in the pleasant sunshine."

As he looked up and down the street at the gay passengers, he noticed a lady and gentleman walking on the opposite side of the way. He noticed them particularly; first, because they were strangers, and strangers were very rare in Rogues' Harbor; and secondly, because there was something really, singularly distinguished and interesting in their appearance. The gentleman was a tall, noble and aristocratic looking man, with a fine head, classic features, fair complexion, and light auburn hair and moustache. He wore the usual gray blouse and hat adopted by gentlemen on long journeys. The lady wore a dress and mantle of fine checked black and white shepherd's plaid, and a straw bonnet trimmed very plainly with black and white ribbon. But within that simple bonnet what a sweet face! a fair, delicate face, contrasting its pearly whiteness of complexion with the blackest hair and the darkest eyes; a face beaming with quiet happiness.

Owen could not help gazing at them until they turned into Lacy's shop. Then he, Owen, turned into the house and went into the back parlor.

Little May was in the cradle. She had contrived to kick off one little crimson sock, and was now holding up her naked foot in both hands and gazing at it as though she considered it some wonderful production of nature. All unconscious was Little May of her own hard fate in being left in the cradle in the back parlor, while the other baby was taken out for an airing. It was not likely that she would feel troubled by *that*. Little May looked for all her pleasures and received all her hurts from other people's *eyes*. She greeted Owen's return with a crow of delight, and threw up both hands and both feet by way of welcome.

Owen smiled on her and knelt down by the cradle and began to caress her and talk to her as was his custom. Only this time his talk partook of his anxiety as well as of his tenderness:

"Never mind, Lily May; if everybody in the world leaves you, Owen never will. Never, Lily May. Owen will stay with you and keep you with him as long as ever he lives. Owen's hands and feet will work for you, Lily May—"

"Goo!" crowed the baby, caressing his face with her soft fingers.

"And when Owen grows to be a tall man and makes a fortune, Lily May, you shall go to school and learn to be a lady. And you shall always be Owen's sister, just as much as Gay, and Owen never will make any difference between you—never, Lily May!"

"Goo!" crowed the baby, kicking out both feet in delight as if she might understand a 'comfort' in the words, if not the words."

"I would like to take you out for a walk Lily May; but I have got to mind the shop. Stop! I know what I'll do," said Owen suddenly breaking off—"I'll put your little mantle on and walk you up and down before the shop door, and then if any one comes, I can slip in and wait on them."

So saying this, Owen took Little May out of the cradle; put on her discarded socks; put on her mantle; and carried her out to the sidewalk before the shop; where he began to walk her up and down—*she* so sensitive to external influences, fairly panting and gasping with rapture to be out in the bright sunshine and fresh air, among the gayly dressed passengers of the street. Every minute her little finger was stretched out and her little mouth pursed up calling Owen's attention to some object in the street that attracted her notice. And Owen delighted with her delight would lend himself entirely to the play.

He carried her on one arm; with one of her little arms clasped his neck, while the other was continually extended in the manner I have said.

Suddenly Little May clasped his neck with a tighter clasp, gave a great leap and crying eagerly "Oo! oo!" pointed across the street.

Owen looked and saw the strange gentleman and lady who had before attracted his attention. They were now coming out of Lacy's shop and turning as if they would cross the street. They were perfect strangers to Owen but not to us. They were Arthur and Gladys Powis.

True to his promise, as soon as the frost was over, Arthur had brought Gladys to Maryland to visit the supposed grave of their child. They had gone to "Prout's Point," the village where the child was reputed to have been put to nurse, and they had found the burial-ground attached to the Church of the Holy Innocents where she was said to have been buried, and both had knelt and one had wept beside a little mound surmounted by a slender obelisk bearing the simple name "Mary"—all as it had been described to the deceived young mother. (For Mrs. Jay Llewellyn was too astute a schemer not to have provided for such a contingency as a visit, and she had placed a lying monument over a fictitious grave.) And they had inquired for a certain Doctor Thomas Brotherton; but they had been told that such a medical practitioner had resided in the town once, but that he had gone to California. Had they thought to inquire the date of his departure they would have found out that he had left the village some months before the reputed death of their child, and so they would have got some hint of the deception that had been practiced upon them. As it was, neither of the young parents suspected how cruelly they had been deceived. In all sincerity of belief, Gladys had wept and Arthur had prayed over the fictitious grave. And they had procured choice rose roots and planted around it, and then they had left the village. To vary the journey a little they had crossed the country to Rogues' Harbor, in order to take the steamer from that point to Baltimore, en route for Boston. For they were not for the present going back to Kader Idris. All their arrangements were made for a voyage to Europe and a lengthened tour over the Eastern Continent. And they were to sail from Boston on the fifteenth of the month. They were now at Rogues' Harbor, waiting for the Baltimore steamboat to pass. Their visit to Lacy's shop was from an accidental cause. Gladys, who was travelling without a maid, had carelessly forgotten her dressing-case, and left it at her last stopping-place. And she had gone with Arthur to Lacy's to supply herself with the requisite toilet articles, and they had been directed by Lacy to Mrs. Wynne's shop, opposite.

Oh! could Gladys have known whither she was going and whom she was to meet!

Or could Owen have guessed, as he saw her crossing with her husband, the right that lady had to take his "Lily May" from him!

Without the slightest suspicion of the truth, Gladys, leaning on her husband's arm, came across the street.

Without the slightest misgiving, Owen, with Little May on his arm, saw her coming.

"We must go in, Lily May! There are two customers Mr. Lacy has sent us!" said Owen, gayly, as he carried Little May into the shop. He sat her down on the counter, and told her to keep still while he waited on the lady and gentleman, who were now coming into the shop. And then he went behind the counter and stood ready.

"Show us some combs and brushes, suitable for a lady's use," said Arthur Powis, coming up to the counter.

"Oh! what a lovely little creature!" exclaimed Gladys, going straight up to the child.

"Goo!" said Little May, taking up the tassels of her new cloak and holding them up to the lady's view.

With one eye on his "Lily May" and the other on his business, Owen opened the show-case, and took out several different patterns of hair-brushes—all suitable for a lady's use, he explained.

"Come Gladys, love, here are the brushes; make your selection," said Arthur Powis.

Gladys, unwillingly, tore herself away from the lovely child, and she very carelessly tumbled over the articles submitted to her inspection.

"Oh, any will do! They are all very nice!" she said, hastily singling out two of the best brushes and putting them aside.

In doing so her eyes fell on the face of Owen, and became fixed there. She stared at the boy a full minute, until indeed he was forced to drop his eyes in embarrassment. Whereupon Gladys recovered her self-possession, and turning to Arthur she whispered:

"Did you ever, in all your life see such a likeness as that boy bears to my dear, lost father?"

"Never," answered Arthur. "I observed it myself."

"What is your name, my boy?" inquired Gladys.

"Owen Wynne, madam," answered the lad, bowing and blushing.

"Ah! no possible chance of a relationship! I almost fancied there might be when I saw such a strong resemblance. Arthur, do you recollect that portrait of my dear father as a boy of ten years of age? It is the exact counterpart of this lad," said Gladys.

"Yes, it is! But, my dear, hurry with your purchases, or we *may* miss the steamboat, and have to stop in this dull place two days longer, which would not be agreeable," answered Arthur.

Gladys selected what farther articles she stood in need of, and told Owen to put them up in a parcel.

While the boy was occupied in doing so, Gladys turned once more to the infant, seated on the counter. She raised it to its feet, and the child began to spring and dance and crow, as children under such conditions will.

"Oh! what a dear little love! Arthur look! *do* look! she isn't at all afraid of me! Look how she leaps and laughs! *do* look, Arthur!—What is her name, my boy?" inquired Gladys, suddenly breaking off to question Owen.

"Lily May, madam."

"Lily May! what a pretty name! Arthur, her name is Lily May. Look at her, Arthur! Oh, *do* look! You *won't* look!" said Gladys, half pleadingly, half pettishly, as she played with the child and danced her up and down and let her pull at the white roses in her—Gladys'—bonnet. "You *won't* look at her, Arthur?"

"Yes I will, my dear! or rather I would if we had time. Yes she is a pretty, confiding little creature; but we can not stop to play with her! The boat, you know, is expected every minute, and never stops longer than to land passengers and freight. And we must get back to the hotel, in time to secure our passage. Is the parcel ready, my boy?" said Arthur, turning to Owen.

"Yes sir—it is large. I could take it for you in about an hour's time," said Owen.

"Oh, I can not wait, but I can easily take it with me. How much do these articles amount to?"

"Four dollars and a quarter, sir.

Arthur Powis put down the money.

"Thank you, sir," said Owen.

"Come Gladys, love," said Arthur, taking up the parcel and preparing to leave the shop.

Gladys slipped her hand though his arm, and they started. But when they got to the door, Gladys suddenly rushed back, caught the babe up in her arms, strained it to her bosom, covered its face with kisses and then sat it down again, exclaiming between smiles and tears:

"I could not help it, Arthur! She is such a captivating little creature."

Then taking her purse from her pocket, she drew from it a broad twenty dollar gold piece, and laid it on the counter, saying:

"There, my boy! I want you to get a present with this money for the baby.—No, now, don't be too proud to take it from a stranger. I had a dear little baby of my own once. If she had lived she would have been about as old as this little one. For my baby's sake I want to give this little one something. Take it. Your mother will know how to spend it for her."

"There, Gladys, my dear, listen! There is the steamer!" exclaimed Arthur, as the sound of a steamboat blowing off her steam was heard.

They both hurried from the shop, and half an hour afterward were on the boat steaming up the Chesapeake towards the mouth of the Patapsco on their way to Baltimore.

Had Gladys chanced to have put a few more questions to Owen relative to the babe that had interested her so much, she would have gained the end of a clue that would have led her to the discovery of the identity of this lovely child with her own that was supposed to be dead. And she would have left Rogues' Harbor a happy mother. But she did not happen to do so.

And thus for Gladys, the golden opportunity of finding her child was missed.

And for Owen the imminent danger of losing his pet was averted.

And yet neither of them had been conscious of the opportunity or the danger.

How many unknown, unsuspected hair-breadth escapes there are from both good and ill, in this shifting life of ours.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

USE OF HORSE-FLESH.—We learn from the foreign journals that the attempts to popularize the use of horse-flesh have been very successful in Vienna. Several butchers' shops have been opened in that city for the sale of this meat, under the authority of Government, and with a regulated superintendence. The permission was first obtained a few years since, but of late the business has considerably increased.

KNIGHT TYLNEY'S LUCK.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

June Quincey was just as radiantly lovely as the beautiful month she was called after. The month of roses had no blossoms of a more delicate yet vivid carnation than the bloom on her velvety cheek, held no more golden shadows than those which lurked among the ripples of her hair, and the very summer sunshine had not such a molten splendor as her eyes when any emotion stirred her.

Some emotion was stirring her now, by the flashes that crept momently from under her white lids. But she quieted the passion, whatever it was, before she looked up into the manly face that bent over her in questioning waiting, and said:

"I can't be your wife, Mr. Tylney."

And then her eyes dropped very suddenly, and he could not see the tears that were gathering in them.

An expression of keenest anguish swept into the handsome face of Knight Tylney. He had, perhaps, in love's foolish credulity, expected a far different reply to his passionate appeal to the heart of June Quincey. If she didn't love him, what had she meant by blushing so when he looked at her, and letting him escort her here, there and everywhere all these summer days? Hadn't her hand actually trembled in his, and—pshaw, what of that? June Quincey was only a woman after all, and a coquette at that, he thought, bitterly, as he turned away, and left her, to drop her face upon her hands as soon as he was fairly gone, sobbing out the pain it had been to her to answer him thus.

She was still sitting so, when Mrs. Quincey came hurriedly into the room.

"June," she exclaimed, "what can have happened? As I came up the Avenue just now, I met Knight Tylney going away. He looked pale and angry, and bade me a very cool good morning, saying he was leaving town to-day, for a long time. It was only yesterday he said he should probably remain all winter. Are you crying, my child? You haven't refused Knight Tylney!" and Mrs. Quincey dropped into a seat breathless with dismay.

June looked up, her lips quivering, and her cheeks nervously flushed.

"Yes, mother."

"What for, pray?" palpitated Mrs. Quincey, "I thought you loved him."

"I did, I do," June said, clasping her hands, "but I can never consent to become the wife of a man who is ashamed of his own mother and sister because they are poor, and at the same time is content to accept from their hardly won earnings, the means to sport his own days in idleness."

"I don't believe it," ejaculated Mrs. Quincey, indignantly, with whom young Tylney was an especial favorite, because, as she said, "though he was terribly in love with June, as any one could see, he wasn't so swallowed up in her presence, but that he could be civil to older people," meaning herself by the latter clause. Many a courtesy she was indebted to Knight Tylney for, that no other of her pretty daughter's beaux ever thought of bestowing.

"I should be glad to not believe it," June said, sorrowfully; "but there is no room for doubt. Mr. Brompton pointed out to me the cottage where they live, and subsequently in passing near there, I saw Mr. Tylney coming away. He appeared confused at sight of me, and a very pretty girl who stood in the door-way looking after him, and crying, if I am not mistaken, went in the moment she saw me, and shut the door after her."

"It mayn't be true for all that," persisted Mrs. Quincey. "I'm not often deceived about people, and I always liked Knight Tylney. I don't believe he'd let a couple of women earn his living for him, more than I believe Howard Brompton hadn't an object in telling you that clever story about a man he always hated because he's a great deal the most a gentleman of the two."

June knew how strong her mother's prejudices were, and could make allowance for them.

"Mr. Brompton has always seemed very much of a gentleman to me," she said, gently. "He is far from being rich, but he spares yearly from his small means a sum adequate to the support of a superannuated old servant of his father's. I have besides on several occasions been a witness of his unostentatious kindness to others."

"I dare say he contrived it all beforehand," Mrs. Quincey remarked, with scornful obstinacy; "and I don't believe that old servant of his lives anywhere but in his own brain."

June Quincey only sighed in reply. Her heart was heavy; for having learned to love Knight Tylney when she believed him entirely worthy the love of any woman, it was not so easy learning to unlove him.

Mrs. Quincey stooped and kissed her before she left the room, saying:

"Well, well, don't worry, dear. It's all right enough, only I hope you may never marry a worse man than Knight Tylney. You're not thinking of having Brompton, are you?"

"Indeed, mother, no."

Mrs. Quincey went away relieved. But if June was not thinking of Howard Brompton in any such connection as that, the young man himself had his ambitious aspirations, and was neither insensible to her beauty nor her moneyed attractions as an heiress. He became from that time onward for weeks the plague of poor Mrs. Quincey's life. Perceiving his mistake in not having conciliated her before, he made some very earnest endeavors to do so now; but quite ineffectually. She had two reasons for disliking him by this time: one on his own account, and the other for the sake of Knight Tylney, whom she persisted in considering a very ill-used man, and if she had known where to direct, I don't know but she would have sent the poor fellow a written assurance of her unabated friendship for him; and I am sure, if she had dared, she would have appealed to him stirringly to come and save her from having Howard Brompton for a son-in-law. That admirable young man was a source of great anxiety to her: and when, a little before Christmas, he went down to Swamptown, a little place "somewhere in the rural districts," as he obligingly informed Mrs. Quincey, who knew where Swamptown was a great deal better than he did, ostensibly to look after the "superannuated" pensioner on his bounty, Mrs. Quincey privately dispatched a confidential letter to a sister of hers in that vicinity, and then quietly awaited the development of circumstances.

Mr. Brompton perhaps found the aforesaid pensioner in failing health. Certainly, something seemed to have occurred to disturb his equanimity, for as he went aboard the train at Swamptown *en route* for home, he jostled with rude impatience through the crowd upon the platform, nearly knocking over a little old lady in a snuff-colored dress and bonnet, and savagely kicking a small yellow cur that was trying to dodge along among the hurrying feet.

"My gracious!" said the little old lady at this, in a tone of inconceivable horror, that could not fail to attract the attention of young Brompton.

He gave her a supercilious stare in return, and as he jostled along to a seat, contrived with his elbow to dislodge some half dozen of the parcels with which she was laden, and which were for the time irrecoverable among the crowd that was pouring in. She waited patiently till there was an opportunity to recover them, muddy and trampled out of shape; but she gathered them all carefully together at last, and proceeded to find a seat. But by this the seats were mostly taken, except one by the side of young Brompton, which he evidently intended to appropriate as long as possible. He had duly established his carpet-bag therein, and it must be a daring hand that attempted to dislodge it in the face of that surly scowl that disfigured his brow.

The woman in the snuff dress and bonnet had a resolute look, however, and seemed equal to the emergency. Ascertaining by a glance that this was the only chance for a seat, she advanced intrepidly and quietly asked:

"Can I have this seat, sir?"

And then, as he affected not to hear her, and was looking obliviously from the car window, she put a hand upon his shoulder and repeated the question.

Howard Brampton turned at last, and made a deliberate effort to look the little old lady down; but, affecting to think he had replied to her in the affirmative, she uttered a voluble "thank-ee, sir," and, dislodging the carpet-bag, took its place, carefully bestowing her bundles between herself and Mr. Brampton.

"Carefully, young man! they's needles and no end o' pins inside o' that," she said, warningly, as he angrily crowded her parcels.

"Seems you think you've seen me afore," she remarked again, encountering his savage glance, "an' I think it's likely. Bin down to Swamptown!—that's where I live," nodding graciously. "Hev a pinch?" extending an immense old-fashioned silver snuff-box.

Delicately rapping the cover with her knuckles, she gracefully lifted it; when, just at this stage of the business, Mr. Howard Brampton, rendered desperated by his ineffectual attempts to frown down his talkative companion, made a wrathful movement, which, whether by accident or purposely, sent the silver snuff-box flying from her hand, the contents thereof mostly landing upon the unmentionables of our hero.

"Dear me, how'd you ever come to do that?" she ejaculated, recovering the box and a small portion of its contents, while Mr. Howard Brompton made violent efforts to remove the disfiguring powder from its lodging place.

"Guess you haint used to snuff," she said, with a contemplative air, as some of the ascending particles reached his nostrils, and he sneezed uproariously.

Some of the other passengers turned at the sounds, and those nearest began to sneeze also, as little clouds of dust were diffused from the handkerchief which Brompton was flourishing violently between his nasal organ and his endangered attire. A stout old gentleman at his right, unable to articulate for sneezing, reached over and rapped the young man most emphatically with his cane to desist.

Brompton glared at him as ferociously as he could for the tears in his eyes, and the conductor coming along, recommended him to try the effect of quiet, and disappeared hurriedly.

Quantum sufficit.

Brompton sat very still the remainder of the route. At its termination the little old woman inquired:

"Guess I couldn't git you to help me with my bundles, could I, young man?"

"*No*," growled Brompton, rushing out in a state bordering upon frenzy.

But his tormentor had not done with him yet. Encountering him again outside, she fastened remorselessly upon his arm with:

"Young man, I jest wish you'd hunt out my baggage for me. There's a hair trunk with brass rings in the ends and my——"

"You old tippity, whew! I'd see you hanged first!"

The little lady shook with malicious laughter as he wrenched himself loose and plunged in the opposite direction furiously, and then signalling the driver of a carriage that seemed to be waiting for somebody, she was packed in, bundles and all, and driven rapidly away.

"It's a confounded hard case," muttered Howard Brompton, as he wended his way to Mrs. Quincey's aristocratic residence the following morning. "I did expect mother and Emily would have had some money for me, and that wretched tailor vows he won't wait longer than till January for his money. I'll ask June Quincey this very day. What's the use of waiting, anyhow? I'm pretty sure June likes me."

June wasn't in the drawing-room when he entered; but a strangely familiar looking little old lady sat comfortably by the window, and an immense silver snuff-box lay beside her.

While Mr. Brompton, not having returned her good-humored nod, was wondering how on earth *she* came *there*, June entered, the radiance of morning in her face, and a rare splendor in her eyes.

"My aunt, Mrs. Mebber, Mr. Brompton," she said, with a little haughty gesture toward the lady in the snuff-colored dress.

"I seen Mr. Brompton yesterday on the cars, June, dear," the old lady said, gathering herself up for the occasion and bowing ceremoniously, "and he was dreful perlite to me."

A malicious twinkle of her little black eyes accompanied this astounding declaration, and made Mr. Howard Brompton fairly quiver in his boots.

"If I'd a known it was Mr. Brompton, though," she went on, "we'd a been more sociable like than we was. Why, I know his mother and sister like a book. Used to live up this way, but they live down to Swamptown now, you know, and take in sewin' for a livin'. But if I was you, young man," settling her glasses, and looking over them at him, with a steadfastness that made him wince, "I'd starve afore I'd let my mother and sister support me!"

"It seems it was your own story instead of Knight Tylney's that you told me, Mr. Brompton," June said, quietly.

That was the last drop. Mr. Howard Brompton sat mechanically wiping the perspiration that exuded from every pore of his face. He made most lugubrious attempts to smile blandly upon his persecutor, and hemmed and hawed with admirable effect. He glanced once at June Quincey's face. Every feature was lit with ineffable scorn; and muttering something about a forgotten engagement elsewhere, Mr. Howard Brompton got himself out of the room in some inexplicable manner, and was seen no more in that vicinity for a long time to come.

"Halloo, Tylney! this isn't you back again?" exclaimed Dick Carter, collaring Knight Tylney, as he came off the train that had just crashed wheezily into the depot, where he had been kicking his heels the last half hour.

Tylney smiled as he returned his friend's cordial greeting.

"I believe it is I. I shall only be in town part of a day, however. I had to come down to attend to a matter of business that won't occupy me long."

"You'll come up to the house a while? Oh, you must! The girls will be crazy to see you; and we're holding watch, you know."

"Holding what?"

"Watch night—don't you know? It's the first of January to-morrow, and we're going—a lot of us—to watch the old year out and the new one in. You'll come?"

Carter would not take no for an answer, and the end of it was that Tylney went with him, repeating inwardly all the way:

"Of course, I don't expect to see June."

But he did expect or hope it, and was proportionably disappointed, though he would not confess it to himself, when he got there and saw her nowhere among the gay beauties that immediately thronged in a welcome cluster about him.

"You're just in time, Mr. Tylney," said Fanny Carter, with a nod at the clock, which was fast approaching the last quarter before twelve. "We're going to have a lottery, you know."

"Ah?" Knight Tylney said, his glance still searching the groups beyond for the gleam of the only pair of eyes in the world for him. Dick laughed.

"It's a game Fan here has fished out of antediluviandom, something our grandmothers used to do. They called it Luck, though, and I like that name better than Fan's."

Tylney made an effort to listen politely, while Dick went on:

"You see, the idea is, that that moment of time in which the Old Year dies and the New one is born, holds the luck of the coming year. So at a quarter to twelve they turn us all into a dark room, put a bond of silence upon us, and we stay there without communicating with one another, till the clock begins to strike, when we choose partners according to the best of our ability under the circumstances, and as the last stroke dies away, bring our various acquisitions to the light, to see what the luck is. And here we go now—there's the quarter."

With a deal of hubbub and flutter the gay party adjourned to the next room, which was dark enough to answer all purposes.

For the first five minutes suppressed titters broke the silence; but gradually, as all waited for the stroke of twelve, which never had been so long in coming before, a hush fell upon them almost like awe.

It came at last—one, two, three, four, &c., and a muffled stir rose in the dark room. I dare say there were some foolish little hearts that put implicit faith in this attempted peep into the book of fate, and looked in breathless suspense to see what "Luck" the light would disclose theirs to be.

Knight Tylney, upon entering the fateful room, had passed immediately to the opposite side of the apartment, standing as it chanced near a door, which presently he was conscious opened, and he felt the flutter of some light robe past him. The familiar scent of violets too came to him, and involuntarily he slipped after the form. She, whoever it was whom he had followed, must have been conscious of his presence, but she gave no sign, and all remained so silent in the room for the next fifteen minutes, that he would have concluded himself alone but for that breath of violets on the air. He resorted to a little artifice. Opening the door, he made a movement as though passing through, and closed it again. In a moment he felt a warm breath almost upon his cheek, and a soft little touch encountered his. His hand closed upon it instantly, and his heart leaped as he half fancied he recognized the slender, tremulous fingers. She struggled a little, but as if conscious how vain it was, was quiet again soon, and they stood so some moments, and presently the clock struck.

Opening the door a little, Knight let a glimmer of light fall upon the face beside him. It was June Quincey's!

"Oh, Knight!" she exclaimed, in a panic, but she looked glad, and forgetting or ignoring the past, Knight Tylney saw something in her eyes that emboldened him to repeat suddenly that question he had once asked in vain.

But this time she said:

"Yes, Knight, if you can forgive me when you know all."

Of course he could, and did.

THE FAMILY SECRET.

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WARNING VOICE," "THE WHITE TERROR," "THE LOST DEEDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE STEWARD AND HIS PRISONERS.

Lucia sat as one stunned by the revelation which had been made to her. She looked up vaguely and asked:

"Have you discovered anything? Could you detect the place through which the steward entered?"

"No—I discovered nothing. The walls seem as solid as this floor, yet he must have passed through some aperture in them. We must seek that until we find it, Lucia, for it is the only avenue of escape."

She shook her head despondingly.

"We shall never find it, Sister. We shall perish here, unless I consent to what would be far worse than death, if my own life only were at stake. But I have no right to keep you in this dreadful place when I can give you freedom by the sacrifice of myself."

The nun sat down beside her and impressively said:

"Put me entirely out of the question, Lucia, for if you were liberated to-morrow on the terms proposed by Baldoni, he would secure *my* silence by other means than those of which he spoke."

The listener shuddered, and asked:

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that a man so lost to feeling and principle as Baldoni is, will never rest satisfied till he has rendered it *impossible* for me to betray him. He would at once destroy us both, but for the hope that you will ultimately consent to become his wife."

"What then shall we do?"

"We must keep that hope alive by demanding another and another week for decision, and live on here as we may, cherishing the belief that God will send us help. He will never forsake so faithful a servant to humanity as I have been, nor a young and innocent creature like yourself, whose greatest desire is to do good to others. Yes—I feel the assurance that we shall yet be rescued, though we may watch for deliverance through many weary days of suffering and doubt. Remember what I now say to you, and let it sustain you when despondency dims my faith, as it often does that of the most trusting."

Lucia arose and threw herself in her arms.

"I promise to do so, beloved friend. We will strengthen each other for the trials before us, and await God's own good time for deliverance. I feel that it will be better to perish in darkness than become that miserable and degraded thing, the wife of so lost a wretch as we know Baldoni to be. Teach me to bear my lot in patience, Sister, that I may not faint or falter in my refusal. I will have faith in your predictions, for that alone can sustain me. We will hourly pray for rescue, and even from this dreary prison the angels of mercy will waft our petitions to the throne of the Most High."

The nun kissed her, and almost cheerfully replied:

"That is the right spirit, my child. Let us set our house in order, and keep our lamp trimmed till the deliverer comes."

They then endeavored to while away a few moments in looking over the garments Baldoni had brought with him, and in arranging their fresh supply of food. The books were a precious

acquisition; they belonged to the nun, and Lucia read aloud from them many hours.

Another week passed, which formed in the captives almost a century as its slow moving hours rolled around. As accurate an account of time as was possible to persons situated as they were was kept, but it was chiefly measured by the diminution of the oil in their cruse, and "calls the hour of darkness and light among the living."

A constant watch was kept for the last twenty-four hours, and the order was issued to the nun that she steward would appear before their lamp expired. But he was far on his way to visit. Resolved to penetrate the mystery of his existence, if it were possible to do so, both the nun and Lucia slumbered themselves in the outer apartment, and awaited in breathless suspense the arrival of their jailer.

Several hours of expectation passed away, every sense was strained to detect his approaching footstep, but no indication was given. Suddenly Lucia pressed the hand of Sister Marta, and breathlessly whispered:

"Some one is near me; I am sure of it, for I felt the air blown as if something was fanning past me."

A hoarse laugh answered the tones of her voice, and in another moment a light was struck and applied to the unsightly lamp above. The flame fared up, revealing the solid walls of the vault, and the form of the steward glaring on them within a few feet of the spot on which they sat. He had brought with him a basket filled with such articles as he had formerly furnished them, and as he threw it down a moment he harshly said:

"I summoned some one else to this, and provided against it. I wouldn't advise you to be found in the room again for some hours to come, lest it should prove my last visit, which wouldn't be to the liking of either of you. Now, then, come with me into your own den and empty this basket. I will call for it when you have done here."

They followed him into the inner vault, and while the nun removed the things from the basket, he counted out a number of coins.

"Are you reconciled to your subterranean home, or will you consent to come out on the terms I offered?"

"I have made up my mind," she replied, as calmly as she could. "It is a matter of mere question to decide, and I must have more time."

"Oh, as for that, you can stay for as long as it suits you; I am not in a hurry. I've got enough upon my hands just now to have been put forward and established, if it were not for the fear of my own head or limbs. I'm of dog spirit. All I wish you to understand is, that whether you can say even hope for release. Your fate is in your own hands, and what I am unbending as iron."

"I fully understand that, but God is more powerful than you. He may yet circumvent you, and at such time I shall remember what say and from you."

"Well, if you can console yourself by such dreams, you are perfectly welcome to do so. They never come to me. I am the sometimes that you must accept my hand, or—you understand the alternative."

She bowed, and Ruldorf prepared to depart. He rudely asked Lucia if she had aught to say.

"I carry a pistol ready cocked in my bosom, and the slightest word you have spoken will sound in the next cavern, I will fire it in the direction of your head. If you are worried now, and if either of you get killed it will be your own fault."

The door swung too and he was gone.

Days, weeks, months passed away, only varied by the weekly visit of the steward. At first dilatory, but finally he became more punctual, and Lucia's sunshine refused to overcast as the nun's would. She had persuaded the time of her hand day after day, dwelling on the promise she found in them, that every hour crosses and trials, a happy and useful life would succeed them.

Gradually even this failed to reassure her, and a dull despair succeeded to active resentment. Lucia began to feel as if she must go mad if this state of misery remained much longer; yet her aversion to Baldoni increased with each visit he made.

Many times he urged her with an appearance of passionate fervor to become his wife and end her cruel captivity. As time passed on he seemed to become more earnest in his desire to win her consent, he also seemed to have more power for strength to resist his entreaties, and repeated her refusal.

More than once were they made to suffer for want of food, at the time when their hope of final of immolation had arrived Baldoni again appeared bearing the sausage upon which their two lives were sustained. The steward had changed his mood, and with a cool and proud persecution and protestations of devotion to overcome the resistance of Lucia; but to these she was immovable. The falling sun strengthened her in her resolution never to give him her hand; and with rage Baldoni felt that, helpless and hopeless as they were, no power on women possessed a power of resistance which might baffle his own.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE WILY TRETCHIKOFF.

The remains of the youthful Marchesa of Colonna were consigned to the tomb with every mark of sympathy, and Paolina was expected to appear at the obsequies as one of the chief mourners of the nation.

On his arrival to Palermo the Marquis sought a distant relative of his own, and with him retired in seclusion in a handsome villa situated in a beautiful valley of the Conca d'Oro. He asked of Senora Vanelli protection for the miserable shadow left to him, and begged for reconciliation between Paolina and her father. This was accorded, and for a short space was tened of young society, though she could seldom be induced to leave home. When she was persuaded to her new protectress, the fair face of the wife and mother was the object to which and Paolina soon rendered herself almost as indispensable to the affirm old lady as had been to the deceased Marchesa.

When her husband made his daily call, Senora Vanelli was never tired of descanting on the character of her new companion, and she declared her intention to keep Paolina with her always, if she would consent to remain.

This unsophisticated girl, with her subdued manner, her tender sympathy, and graceful words of consolation, was a most agreeable object of contemplation to a man situated as Ruldorf was at present. His wounded heart found in Paolina consolation, and the desolation to accept for which he left through the room whereon he was to sing to any creature who offered him the affectionate sympathy his nature craved.

The true history of Lucia's betrothal to his father had never been permitted to reach him, and he thought of her with a cold feeling of disgust which he believed to be a mere effectual passion for the love he had once felt for her.

One morning the Marquis came to the villa at an early hour and requested to see Paolina. She came in dressed in most becoming half mourning; and after greeting him she said, with an appearance of much agitation:

"I am divine what brought you hither. You have heard from my father, and you come perhaps to tell me that to is inexorable; that he refuses to receive the much sinned the violence to my own heart by accepting the addresses of Count Baldoni."

"Quiet your fears, dear Paolina. Your father is far more placable than I hoped. He has evidently suffered so much from his separation from you that he is glad to welcome you back to his arms again almost on your own terms. It is true that he still clings to the idea that you will ultimately consent to wed Baldoni; but his letter is one of the most affectionate and softer upon your acceptance. And now, dear girl, permit me to congratulate you upon the you not encouraged this young man for a long time to hope for that coveted reward. He is rich, intelligent, and I believe he will make you a most tender and devoted husband."

Paolina burnt in tears. She passionately exclaimed:

"This from you! Oh, Vittorio, why reproach me for the wrong I committed against Gerard while I was ignorant of my own heart. Once I thought I felt love and misery for you; but when my true hero appeared, he became odious in my sight. No—do you should not ask me to accept Gastani; from anyone else I could bestow my hand without the slightest reluctance."

But one construction could be put upon her words, and she heart of the Marquis beat high and fast with the emotions they aroused. He forgot his rank, his pride of station, and thought only of the beautiful eyes before him who avowed her preference for himself as an unequivocal a manner. Flattered, bewildered, charmed, he could see only her power over him, of the varied emotions that waved in his bosom:

"Paolina, do I understand you aright? Has the long-suffering tenderness of my love won its way or your advantageous settlement in life? If such is the case, I am the most blessed of men here."

He paused; for, strength as he was attracted toward her, he yet hesitated to make her an offer of his hand so soon after the death of one so lovely being he had lost. Paolina buried her head in her hands and wept more bitterly than before.

"No—not any without. "You are bound by nothing. My own foolish heart alone is to blame, and you were not to blame. Not even when I consented to bestow your hand upon the Count Lucia, I felt that I was sacrificing my own happiness so secure was I that my love was centered toward you, Vittorio. I rejoiced when I heard of your marriage with the angel who is now in her I felt sure she would make you happier than I knew could have done. Now I am free to behold your wife, to see you once more, and it was that feeling which led me to the villa. I thought then that I had conquered my unfortunate attachment; that I could behold you in the arms of yourself and Lady Venetia without the jealous pangs I must have felt had I not been your wife. I was weaker than I thought, but what I could not feel then I feel now. You can bear witness to my devotion to your wife, and I devote myself to her memory as a beak in the sunshine of your joy. But can you believe, Vittorio, that my heart was ever true to its old allegiance in the weeks of misrepresented innocence which you have passed by my side? Can you believe that I was wrong and indefensible in speaking to you as I did? Can you think that I do not lay bare its sufferings to him who has innocently caused them, and that I am incensed them by coming to me as the interpreter of another's love?"

Such a tempest of echo closed this unwomanly revelation, that the Marquis could not speak. Disgust than attempt to soothe her into calmness by explanations and protestations of devotion. Paolina, however, misunderstood his silence, and in her sincerity, Vittorio forgot everything but the charming being who stood before him, whose love-lit eyes were shrunk from his heart was deserted to another. She was not his wife, but how was the exciting gold which was to repay him for all he had suffered. Like all ardents he, he could not pause to deliberate upon his action, but he was impetuous, decided, and he gravely, and gently said:

"I am most grateful to you, dear Paolina, for the preference you have accorded me, and from the moment I arrive in your city I meant to ask seek one to console me for the loss I so recently sustained. I need scarcely tell you that you alone will be the object sought. With the advice of my late wife sincerely cold in their grave, I should woo a second time. Ten years time for that will come; a year hence I may venture to remind you of your decision, and to call my devotion home a new mistress."

Paolina shrank from the cruel wound of her heart, and piercingly said:

"Ah, Vittorio, you do not dare so far to violate your pride of caste, as to take to your bosom the humble sister of Gerard. No, a noble blood flows in my veins. I am but a daughter of the people, and never will I be so much wanting in my self-respect as to accept a mere alliance. Think of me as your friend, Vittorio, and if your pride should yet recoil from the union with me, I will not blame you, nor return for my adoring love, you are free to retreat from the precipice you have so rashly. Your hand must be a free, and voluntary gift, bestowed by the judgment of your heart, or I will never consent to accept it."

"My mother was the daughter of the people, and the blood of Baldoni is as noble as that of the Colonna family. Paolina, you are the woman I choose as my wife, and elevate to the rank of Marchesa of Colonna. Will you accept the station as if the blood of the Caesars coursed in her veins?"

"Yes, Vittorio, I will accept it, for the only consoling angel you have proved in my late affliction, and my every thought and act will cling to you as tenderly as I once fancied I felt for false and cruel Gerard. Oh, my Lucia—its tender adoration of his lost wife, of friends which my heart is now full, and at that time, learn to value the best traits of each other better than ever before, and the sweet vows that will bind us together for life."

Wearing a heart bewildered by confusion of shyness and happiness, Paolina replied:

"Yes, Vittorio, I will be your friend for me, and I feel myself unworthy of it. To become your wife—to possess the privilege of calling you mine, is such ineffable bliss, even in anticipation, that it overwhelms me with fear."

The consummate actress sunk back as if swooning with the intelligence of the scene of happiness that swelled her bosom, and her eyes sought him with an expression of tenderness and devotion which went straight to his susceptible heart.

The Marquis took her in his arms, pressed her lips upon her cheek, and knew not what such words as the occasion seemed to demand. Under the spell of Paolina's fascinations he only seemed to have no will of his own. He felt that he was not as he had been passing, as if the magnetic power she held over him, she had felt with confidence, that she had at last established over him as strong as infatuating that struggle as he would, he could now never escape her. She was forever removed beyond from his embrace, and said:

"I understand that you like to be betrothed, Vittorio; for the dread voice of the world would condemn us both if we dreamed of such a thing as yet. But we are as strongly bound to each other by what has just passed, as if the church had sanctioned our vows. I hold myself bound, and so, I am sure, do you. Give me the ring you wear as a token of your fidelity, that I may gaze on it in solitude, and feel the sweet assurance that this is not all a dream. I may be forgiven for doubting the reality of my happiness when I see before me a peculiarly dowered upon me."

The Marquis still wore a plain circlet of gold upon his fourth finger, which Paolina knew had once belonged to Lucia. It was the only link that bound him to her, and he had not yet the heart to remove it. Without a word he drew it from his finger, and replaced his hand to their lips, and with a look of passionate adoration pressed them to her heart.

In this pleasant hallucination he journeyed with her to the villa, and remained there for a short time, and then returned to Palermo.

The voyage was delightful; the weather delicious; the sea scarcely broke its carry the light vessel through the water without great exertion. The Marquis and Paolina Senora Vanelli and Paolina spent the days together beneath the awning which covered the deck, and the enchantress fastened him so much that she was forced to remind him that he was to take his leave at the first convenient moment.

"It is the last symbol of my infatuation, and the fitting fate for you, Paolina. When I visit you to-morrow, I will bring you one more worthy the acceptance of the fickle Marchesa of Colonna."

"Ah! I understand; it was here—the treacherous and false one. You are right, my Vittorio; that ring should not be worn by her who will be faithful to you till death."

Her head sank upon his bosom—her breath fanned his cheek—and the fastened young lover scarcely felt the power to withdraw. But once as this moment console him for all he had suffered, and the heart of the Marquis was thrilled. When he at last arose to leave her, he said:

"I will write to your father at once, and forward her proffered love to him in the most brilliant prospects which have dawned upon him since the death of his unworthy Gastani. Poor fellow! I has afford to sympathize with him. He has the right to have wished to appropriate with the lustre on his daughter."

She raised her love-beaming eyes to his, and softly replied:

"I too will write, and humble myself to implore his forgiveness for my long concealment. He loves you, Vittorio, and he will be greatly rejoiced to hear that you are free. Your second child has achieved no more a conquest as his first-born—for everything is now forgiven and beloved, I rejoice that such is the case. I long to be bathing; to have nothing, save through the medium of my own happiness. Adieu!"

Every man is susceptible to flattery, and the Marquis of Colonna was no exception to its influence. He never had been more completely offered with an elation of feeling which he had never known. The sweet poison of deference in consideration of her passion for him turned his head. He felt that he had been artfully entrapped into binding himself to her by the chain which he had no longer power of iron to rend, eating into his heart of hearts, and he was happy.

Vittorio had scarcely left her, when the Senora Vanelli came to congratulate her on having fixed to her father.

"Now I trust I will not lose you so soon. You can hear witness to my devotion to your wife, and I depend upon it that you will not break in the sunshine of your joy. But can you believe, Paolina, that I have never been able to fix old allegiance in the weeks of misrepresented innocence which you have passed by my side? Can you believe that I was wrong and indefensible in speaking to you as I did? Can you think that I do not lay bare its sufferings to him who has innocently caused them, and that I am incensed them by coming to me as the interpreter of another's love?"

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"I am most grateful to you, dear Paolina, for the preference you have accorded me, and from the moment I arrive in your city I meant to ask seek one to console me for the loss I so recently sustained. I need scarcely tell you that you alone will be the object sought. With the advice of my late wife sincerely cold in their grave, I should woo a second time. Ten years time for that will come; a year hence I may venture to remind you of your decision, and to call my devotion home a new mistress."

Paolina shrank from the cruel wound of her heart, and piercingly said:

"Ah, Vittorio, you do not dare so far to violate your pride of caste, as to take to your bosom the humble sister of Gerard. No, a noble blood flows in my veins. I am but a daughter of the people, and never will I be so much wanting in my self-respect as to accept a mere alliance. Think of me as your friend, Vittorio, and if your pride should yet recoil from the union with me, I will not blame you, nor return for my adoring love, you are free to retreat from the precipice you have so rashly. Your hand must be a free, and voluntary gift, bestowed by the judgment of your heart, or I will never consent to accept it."

"My mother was the daughter of the people, and the blood of Baldoni is as noble as that of the Colonna family. Paolina, you are the woman I choose as my wife, and elevate to the rank of Marchesa of Colonna. Will you accept the station as if the blood of the Caesars coursed in her veins?"

"Yes, Vittorio, I will accept it, for the only consoling angel you have proved in my late affliction, and my every thought and act will cling to you as tenderly as I once fancied I felt for false and cruel Gerard. Oh, my Lucia—its tender adoration of his lost wife, of friends which my heart is now full, and at that time, learn to value the best traits of each other better than ever before, and the sweet vows that will bind us together for life."

Wearing a heart bewildered by confusion of shyness and happiness, Paolina replied:

"Yes, Vittorio, I will be your friend for me, and I feel myself unworthy of it. To become your wife—to possess the privilege of calling you mine, is such ineffable bliss, even in anticipation, that it overwhelms me with fear."

The consummate actress sunk back as if swooning with the intelligence of the scene of happiness that swelled her bosom, and her eyes sought him with an expression of tenderness and devotion which went straight to his susceptible heart.

The Marquis took her in his arms, pressed her lips upon her cheek, and knew not what such words as the occasion seemed to demand. Under the spell of Paolina's fascinations he only seemed to have no will of his own. He felt that he was not as he had been passing, as if the magnetic power she held over him, she had felt with confidence, that she had at last established over him as strong as infatuating that struggle as he would, he could now never escape her. She was forever removed beyond from his embrace, and said:

"I understand that you like to be betrothed, Vittorio; for the dread voice of the world would condemn us both if we dreamed of such a thing as yet. But we are as strongly bound to each other by what has just passed, as if the church had sanctioned our vows. I hold myself bound, and so, I am sure, do you. Give me the ring you wear as a token of your fidelity, that I may gaze on it in solitude, and feel the sweet assurance that this is not all a dream. I may be forgiven for doubting the reality of my happiness when I see before me a peculiarly dowered upon me."

The Marquis still wore a plain circlet of gold upon his fourth finger, which Paolina knew had once belonged to Lucia. It was the only link that bound him to her, and he had not yet the heart to remove it. Without a word he drew it from his finger, and replaced his hand to their lips, and with a look of passionate adoration pressed them to her heart.

In this pleasant hallucination he journeyed with her to the villa, and remained there for a short time, and then returned to Palermo.

The voyage was delightful; the weather delicious; the sea scarcely broke its carry the light vessel through the water without great exertion. The Marquis and Paolina Senora Vanelli and Paolina spent the days together beneath the awning which covered the deck, and the enchantress fastened him so much that she was forced to remind him that he was to take his leave at the first convenient moment.

"It is the last symbol of my infatuation, and the fitting fate for you, Paolina. When I visit you to-morrow, I will bring you one more worthy the acceptance of the fickle Marchesa of Colonna."

"Ah! I understand; it was here—the treacherous and false one. You are right, my Vittorio; that ring should not be worn by her who will be faithful to you till death."

Her head sank upon his bosom—her breath fanned his cheek—and the fastened young lover scarcely felt the power to withdraw. But once as this moment console him for all he had suffered, and the heart of the Marquis was thrilled. When he at last arose to leave her, he said:

"I will write to your father at once, and forward her proffered love to him in the most brilliant prospects which have dawned upon him since the death of his unworthy Gastani. Poor fellow! I has afford to sympathize with him. He has the right to have wished to appropriate with the lustre on his daughter."

She raised her love-beaming eyes to his, and softly replied:

"I too will write, and humble myself to implore his forgiveness for my long concealment. He loves you, Vittorio, and he will be greatly rejoiced to hear that you are free. Your second child has achieved no more a conquest as his first-born—for everything is now forgiven and beloved, I rejoice that such is the case. I long to be bathing; to have nothing, save through the medium of my own happiness. Adieu!"

Every man is susceptible to flattery, and the Marquis of Colonna was no exception to its influence. He never had been more completely offered with an elation of feeling which he had never known. The sweet poison of deference in consideration of her passion for him turned his head. He felt that he had been artfully entrapped into binding himself to her by the chain which he had no longer power of iron to rend, eating into his heart of hearts, and he was happy.

Vittorio had scarcely left her, when the Senora Vanelli came to congratulate her on having fixed to her father.

"Now I trust I will not lose you so soon. You can b

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE MAN OF DESTINY.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

In his cabinet, at Fontainebleau, Napoleon the First is standing with his arms folded across his breast, his head drooped upon his chest, and his eyes fixed upon the floor, as though he saw nothing that belonged to this world. His face is deadly pale, his lips are compressed, and his brows are contracted. Ten thousand clashing thoughts are flashing through his fevered brain. He is summing up the past of a wonderful life, debating a terrible question, looking forward into an awful future—all this is confounding; while, then, in a measure, he would embrace reason. A terrible crisis is upon him—the moments are big with fate—life or death now!

Admit the prince?" is his order to the attendant.

As the prince enters, the emperor throws himself into one seat and points to another.

"I have had news, my son," says Napoleon, abruptly.

"I am sorry to hear it, though I can well credit it, there."

"The Duke of Vicenza has just returned from his interview with the Emperor Alexander."

"Well?"

"Everything is against us. The Emperor sends me word that my only hope is in an immediate abdication in favor of my son."

The Emperor Alexander?"

"You do not speak, Prince?" cries Napoleon, with a glance of fire.

"Sire, I have had no consolation to offer."

"Is! has it gone so far?"

"I fear it has, Sire."

"You saw the troops on parade in the White Horse Court this morning?"

"I did, Sire."

"You remarked their enthusiasm?"

"Would to Heaven the whole army were like them!"

"It is not, then?"

"Alas! no, Sire."

"Your general words correspond with the report Vincenza brought me from Paris," sighs the emperor.

There is a long pause, and the emperor becomes lost in a settled despair for a time.

"May I venture to disturb your Majesty?" at length observes the prince, in a tone of some embarrassment.

Napoleon lifts his head and stares at the speaker.

"Pardon me, if I seem in haste to intrude unpleasant things upon your Majesty, but there is the other, with blushing countenance, "but this is a critical time, and every moment is too precious to be wasted."

"Well?"

Napoleon speaks this single word up as many soldier bites his cartridge.

"I am here, Sire, to offer an honorable excuse for your marshals," concludes the prince.

"More bad news, then?"

"I am sorry to state that your Majesty has heard," evasively replies the other.

"Do not waste words with the emperor, with a grim smile. "They shall have audience at once."

In a few minutes the apartment is filled with the highest military and civil officers under the crown of France. They are men of intelligence, courage and renown, who have raised themselves proudly in the presence of the greatest potentates in the world, but they now seem to shrink and cower before the eagle glance of that man of destiny.

"Well, my lords and gentlemen," says Napoleon, as he hoarsely surveys the brilliant, dazzling group, "you are here to make a demand, crave a boon, prostrate kingdom, power and self! Speak! I am prepared for anything."

There is a general humbling—they crouching silence—no one seems to crave the office of spokesman. At length, pressed by the necessity of the case, under the keen, cold glance of the emperor, one ventures forward and stammers forth:

"We have come, your majesty, on a painful mission; but one which our duty to our emperor and our country compels us to perform. In this dark hour of trial for all who love France, we pray your majesty to believe our devotion to yourself and dynasty as deep and sincere as in the day of your mighty empire's happiest prosperity, and that only with heartfelt sorrow do we tell the ruin which onwards from our sovereign the terrible truth! Sire, your friends are growing weak—your enemies are becoming powerful. If you would save your crown, you must instantly place it on the head of your son; there is no time for delay; this must be done at once—this day—this hour—or all is lost; all the price only is peace possible!"

"Am I, then, bereft of all power?" inquires Napoleon, with the stern look of despair.

"Have we, then, no army to march on Paris and give our foes another battle?"

"Alas, your majesty, it is even so! The army is fatigued, discouraged, disorganized, with great defection in its ranks; and to attempt to precipitate it on Paris, would not only cost thousands of lives, but lose us all!"

"As there is no alternative then," says Napoleon, in a cool, melancholy tone, his fiery eye softening and drooping, "there shall on my part be no delay."

He turns to a table, on which are paper, pen and ink, and with all his calm firmness which he can command, writes and signs his own abdication in favor of his son. This done, he reads it aloud to all present, and commands the Princes of Moskwa and the Dukes of Vicenza and Regnise, who are of the number, to bear it to Paris in all haste.

Soon the cabinet of the emperor is again cleared, and the ambitious but fallen man of destiny is pacing it alone.

One hour, two hours pass, and Napoleon keeps his step and his station with the regularity of a pointed sentry.

A messenger is announced.

"Quick! I conduct him hither!" cries Napoleon.

"Well, Gourmand!" well!" he exclaims to the new-comer, who has been his valet de chambre.

"I have bad news, Sire!"

"Yes, yes, I expected it in the day for it!" almost groans the emperor. "But speak! you saw Marmont?"

"No, Sire, he had gone to Paris."

"Well?"

"It is reported he has deserted the standard of your majesty, and withdrawn his troops under protection of Fontainebleau."

Napoleon stands speechless for a few moments, shaking against all the powers of his quivering and his hands working convulsively.

"Soldier!" at length bursts forth between his grinding teeth, and he flings himself upon a seat and buries his face in his hands.

Presently he looks up and motions Gourmand to retire.

When he is again alone, he draws a small, white box from his bosom, and opens it with a trembling hand.

"Thank God," he murmurs, "I am once more master of my own person." Then, with all others absent, here is a friend which will surely be my last friend!"

Strange mind! There is something in the contrast that appears to please, and to bring relief in that hour of trouble and humiliation—laughs while he is contemplating death by the hand of the suicide! for that silken bag, suspended from his neck and so carefully kept next his heart, contains poison, prepared for him before his retreat from Russia, that he might not fall alive into the hands of the terrible Cossacks.

The emperor smiles. It has been full of great surprises, alarms and excitements; but it goes not in vain, and again takes up his old musings touching news from Paris. The imperial family have removed and are now with Napoleon. They tell him that his subjects there have become the idols of the people, and the scene of it now. The later are cognizant of the defection of Marmont, the lukewarmness of the others, the discouragement of the chief, and the desertion of another large body now in the capital. Everywhere the city forms of peace.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANONYMOUS says that a lot of fellows in the village assembled in front of his store, at the head of laughing at him, and making fun of him, whenever he went to town with his "store clothes" on, and especially if he took a girl with him. "One day," he says, "I was driven in with my horse and buggy, and having a girl with me who wanted to do some trading; and when I pitched my horse in front of the tavern, a lot of fellows came out to see me and laugh. Some of them had gotten the girl. I said nothing, but jumped out and hitched my horse, and went into the store close by, and then I came back and pointed him to the crowd and spoke them and their store clothes pretty well. They were a set of poor whites, and couldn't fight more'n a large gander, and so I had an easy time. I, although I appeared to be a stranger, and whole crowd would be too many for me; but I was determined to get an end to their jokes, and I did it. I take it that they'll be all over before I next visit the village. Now, I don't like to knock the fun out of a man in the way I did, and that kind of cronies me; so I thought I'd write to you and see what you'd say about it. Please let me know what your notion is, and much obliged am." According to your statement, it seems that the impertinent young fellows needed a lesson of some kind, and as you did the best you could, under the circumstances, to improve their manners, they ought not to complain of your course. Still, we think you might have found a more effective way to be relieved of their impertinence, hard-working man that you, who earns his money honestly, and never lets it come between you and your duty.

FRANKIE.—Suppose," says this correspondent, "that a man is engaged to be married to a gentleman who owns about nineteen feet more, and than he calls on me here, and tells me that he has an appointment to ride out with another gentleman, should the lady keep the appointment, or should she not? If she is in the house when she finds the escort is there, she cannot very well refuse to go with him, for the reason that her lover, for the purpose of testing her fidelity, has sent the gentleman in search with she would be placed, should request her to keep her engagement. So rise out with the other gentleman, would she be acting consistently in doing so?" Your last question, Frankie, is a hard one for you to refer unwillingly, inasmuch as such a case as you have stated, is not likely to occur frequently. Still, it is always well to be governed by fixed rules and principle in every such case, so far as the circumstances will permit. In the case before us, we that demands that they should seek only the lady's comfort, gratification and happiness without regard to their own wishes. Let this be remembered, and no other course will be open to her than to keep her engagement with the gentleman who called for her. In the case, the lady, being that which you have stated, would be entitled to the escort of neither; and if she would not rather make her excuses to the "other gentleman" and stay with her lover, the latter would certainly have no good reason to feel offended for her. He only would be apt to give up the society of a man whom she only knew, under such circumstances as you mention, for that of a mere acquaintance.

1776.—Your notions of the freedom of speech which should be allowed to a lady, and of the duty of a gentleman to defend her from insult, are correct enough to deserve all its significance. No intelligent person would ever think of objecting to social intercourse and matters thereunto appertaining, because there never has been any imposition practiced in such matters, except by unwise persons. When a company of ladies and gentlemen get together for amusement, they do not consider themselves as likely to be insulted by any one present, and they are not accustomed to resent trifles. If one member of the company should insult another, he would be set down as a "fool for his pains," and would probably be left to "the freedom of speech."

ELLEN.—Your friend acted indiscreetly, as well as impertinently, in saying, in the presence of mamma, that Mr. Smith "looked like a fool." Mamma's sense is a character to criminate, and therefore to be respected by all who would be thought ladies. Besides, he is the husband, or master of the house, and as such have some kind—Washington, among others—have always been taught to respect him. Mamma may have been either a very ignorant or a very untruthful man, but your friend should have left her to find it out herself. It is not the province of young ladies, or of anybody, to take to notice of him, and it was a great pity that your friend did not remember it. Your own conduct was eminently correct in the case, and you deserve the silent contempt of the whole company for speaking rudely of your mamma's husband. Your friend will, no doubt, be ashamed of herself when she comes to reflect upon the matter, and will never be guilty of any kind, especially in the presence of "the head of the house," or "the freedom of speech."

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D. M. S.—This correspondent says that he detests beer, and that beer are the part of his life. "They are so full of all manner of trickery and nastiness," he says, "and are so unintelligently selfish, that I prefer total abstinence to them. Again and again have they most outrageous insults upon their guests, and for the purpose of increasing their outlandish jargon and overmastering quarrels from hour to hour, and even all day long, and sometimes far into the hours of evening. They have one characteristic which I never deny to an unknown, which they stench after, and which is the most disgusting of all the nuisances that ever were invented. Perhaps it is an incantation used to exorcise some demon familiar to the beer-drinker, or perhaps it is a charm to keep away the spirits of the dead; but whatever it is, it is the most unmitigated nuisance, as nearly correct as nasty repetition can make it. It is this:

"Hee-ery, yo-ery, dickery, dee!
Wine-spout and a high-low-jack!
Hollo, boys, hollo! Sing, sing, sing!
What care we for the hickory tree?"

If there be any reverend pastor, casuist, moralist, or brahmin extant who can give me the English of that, and tell me its significance in any other language than its own, he will earn a right to my sincere gratitude; and if he will send it to me, I should and would tell me how to get rid of the annoyance which boys entertain for me. I would tender a monument to his memory, or cause one to be built." The way for you to get rid of the annoyance which boys inflict you is, is to have a human and manly appreciation of the consolence of boys, and to take no interest in their sports. You "detest beer," you say, and "are so full of all manner of trickery and nastiness," and so unintelligently selfish, and just as many other things for the purpose of increasing their outlandish jargon and overmastering quarrels from hour to hour, and even all day long, and sometimes far into the hours of evening. They have one characteristic which you never deny to an unknown, which they stench after, and which is the most disgusting of all the nuisances that ever were invented. Perhaps it is an incantation used to exorcise some demon familiar to the beer-drinker, or perhaps it is a charm to keep away the spirits of the dead; but whatever it is, it is the most unmitigated nuisance, as nearly correct as nasty repetition can make it. It is this:

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TECUMSEH.—There are but two ways whereby you can hope soon to find your run-away son, one of which is by advertising, and the other by personal inquiry and pursuit. Inasmuch as you ask our opinion as to which you had better adopt, we say that it was erroneously impressed upon you by any one that it was necessary to have acknowledged his error, before you could receive him. Your son, in his best on the former, you should have accepted the apology promptly, and given him a cordial send, loving a reception as possible. At that moment, your wounded pride was in the way of your love, but his heart was melted in its bosom and ready to be moved by the slightest touch of encouragement. He might give it, but he was ashamed to do it, and was waiting for you to overstep tyranny, which is the distance between you. Your duty, therefore, was to follow your son in that supreme moment, turned his heart to you, and given him a welcome home to his return, and thereby send him forth a wanderer upon the floor of the earth, ready and willing to do battle with the world to that wherein his father dwells. Should he overdo, and go to the extreme of folly, he will soon return to liberate his heart to you in the fullness of his manhood, and be a man to you. You should of course remember that he is young, and that you are old, and make due allowance for the best you can for him.

A. C. S. says that he and a friend have had a "fierce discussion" as to whether a widower, receiving a present of a set of china from a lady, would have before he begins to court another one, or whether a widow, under similar circumstances, would be "a married maiden," says A. C. S., "that a man should refrain from courting another lady for a reasonable time after his wife's death, and that a widow who carries around her husband's ashes in a locket, is entitled to a long enough for a man to forget the presence of so dear a friend as his departed wife. My friend contends that domestic affliction may have overtaken him. He says that he can see no reason why a widower of his station may not court a new love of china, because the china was presented to him by a lady. You should of course remember that he is young, and that you are old, and make due allowance for the best you can for him.

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ANONYMOUS.—You probably take too much notice of the quarrels of your children, and by your meddling with them you only make matters worse. Children are like other people in this respect, that they do not like to be meddled with. It is meddlesome by those who seem to be their natural protectors, and they are apt to resent it. So see, as long as they are not hurt to be a witness, and keep take a mean, sneaking, hypocritical man, to go and complain to their parents. If they are hurt, you may interfere, but not before. Be a peacemaker, or officious, a spirit of meddlesomeness, contradictious and cruelty, and you will be disliked accordingly. Be a man, and you will be respected. Be a peacemaker, or an abhorrence of wrong and injustice, and you will be loved and honored. Be a man, and you will have no trouble about their quarrels. In short, children are like other people in this respect, that they do not like to be meddled with. It is meddlesome by those who seem to be their natural protectors, and they are apt to resent it. So see, as long as they are not hurt to be a witness, and keep take a mean, sneaking, hypocritical man, to go and complain to their parents. If they are hurt, you may interfere, but not before. Be a peacemaker, or officious, a spirit of meddlesomeness, contradictious and cruelty, and you will be disliked accordingly. Be a man, and you will be respected. Be a peacemaker, or an abhorrence of wrong and injustice, and you will be loved and honored. Be a man, and you will have no trouble about their quarrels. In short, children are like other people in this respect, that they do not like to be meddled with. It is meddlesome by those who seem to be their natural protectors, and they are apt to resent it. So see, as long as they are not hurt to be a witness, and keep take a mean, sneaking, hypocritical man, to go and complain to their parents. If they are hurt, you may interfere, but not before. Be a peacemaker, or officious, a spirit of meddlesomeness, contradictious and cruelty, and you will be disliked accordingly. Be a man, and you will be respected. Be a peacemaker, or an abhorrence of wrong and injustice, and you will be loved and honored. Be a man, and you will have no trouble about their quarrels.

HARRY.—Perhaps if you would cultivate closer acquaintance with your brother, you would find that his outsides would not look beastly upon your spirit. A man's outsides are the mere covering of his soul and his carriage, and who finds and resists about either, very frequently finds and resists about the soul. Your brother is a man, and you have a human and manly appreciation of the consolence of boys, and to take no interest in their sports. You "detest beer," you say, and "are so full of all manner of trickery and nastiness," and so unintelligently selfish, and just as many other things for the purpose of increasing their outlandish jargon and overmastering quarrels from hour to hour, and even all day long, and sometimes far into the hours of evening. They have one characteristic which you never deny to an unknown, which they stench after, and which is the most disgusting of all the nuisances that ever were invented. Perhaps it is an incantation used to exorcise some demon familiar to the beer-drinker, or perhaps it is a charm to keep away the spirits of the dead; but whatever it is, it is the most unmitigated nuisance, as nearly correct as nasty repetition can make it. It is this:

"Hee-ery, yo-ery, dickery, dee!
Wine-spout and a high-low-jack!
Hollo, boys, hollo! Sing, sing, sing!
What care we for the hickory tree?"

If there be any reverend pastor, casuist, moralist, or brahmin extant who can give me the English of that, and tell me its significance in any other language than its own, he will earn a right to my sincere gratitude; and if he will send it to me, I should and would tell me how to get rid of the annoyance which boys entertain for me. I would tender a monument to his memory, or cause one to be built."

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